

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 15, No. 43. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—50 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 6, 1902.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 771

## Things in General.

THE present week has brought us several visitors of note. Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of Australia, has of course expressed his appreciation of the Fair, city and country generally, and will no doubt say many pretty things about us when he gets home, particularly if he knows how many pretty things were said of him while he was here. Lord Dundonald, who came to us to take charge of our militia, has a splendid reputation as a soldier, and has already added to it that of being an excellent public speaker, forcible in style and prudent in what he says. The newspapers generally seem to think that we have at last obtained an ideal G. O. C. The Exhibition, too, has attracted more visitors than usual on the opening days, and promises to be a great success, in spite of the unfinished Main building. Altogether, Toronto has been happy in entertaining not only great men, but great crowds, and has enjoyed the blessing of fine weather. It is during Exhibition week that we get a taste of what life is like in a really crowded and bustling city such as New York or Chicago, and though it causes a certain amount of individual discomfort—Canadians have but little fondness for being jammed about and pushed out of their ordinary routine—yet we are all glad to accept our share of these little inconveniences, knowing that it is for the good of business and advances the welfare of the city. It is strange how general is the desire of each citizen to benefit Toronto, except on municipal election day, when we sacrifice much of the good that we have gained during the year by electing a lot of stiff to run the town.

THE disgusting revelations made with regard to the condition in which seventeen prisoners at No. 1 Police station were found on Tuesday morning are enough to sicken even those with the strongest stomachs and the hardest hearts. The cells were crowded, the drains became choked—as they have been before—and when the sergeant opened the door in the morning he found the prisoners, men and women alike, standing ankle-deep in water and excrement. The stench is described as something beastly. Such a condition of affairs would disgrace a semi-barbarous country. What are we to think of it in Toronto the Good, the well governed (?), the city of clean streets, lovely homes and magnificent churches? This is not Russia nor a South American republic where prisoners are thrown into fetid dungeons to wallow in filth, fight vermin, and be chewed by rats. Judge Macdougall at the last Sessions, when the Grand Jury brought in a true bill in a similar case, pointedly remarked that unless the evil was remedied by September 11th somebody would go to jail. It is to be hoped that the "somebody" to blame will go to jail, and for a good long term.

That the horrible condition of affairs was not discovered until morning suggests the query. Are prisoners, many of them intoxicated and unable to look after themselves, thrown into cells in bunches, most of them before midnight, and left unvisited until the morning? If this is not the case, how is it that the horrible state of affairs was not discovered until the sergeant made his morning round? If there is no means by which the prisoners can communicate with the officers in charge, and the officers do not visit the cells, another condition which requires to be promptly changed becomes evident.

GOOD examples of the maze of difficulties into which we wander when we depart from any economic principle were recently seen in the Court of Revision, when the court stenographers presented themselves in a body, claiming exemption from income tax under some probably obsolete enactment said to have existed many years ago. A ratepayer writing to the "Mail and Empire" makes bitter complaint of well-paid men trying to shirk their just share of taxes, and claims that the aggregate exemption in this city amounts to \$25,000,000. There is truth in his complaint that "as matters are now, the man who has capital invested in city property finds that instead of it affording him a fair income, a good private income is needed to pay taxes and other expenses," but I am afraid he is wrong when he alleges "if a vote of the citizens were taken I am sure the verdict would be, 'abolish all exemptions.'" He would find all the churches up in arms against paying taxes, excepting, of course, the Jarvis street Baptist church, which has for many years paid its share of the levy. The short-sighted people who try to dodge a small share of what the church taxes would be seem to entirely forget that by doing so they are encouraging a pernicious system which in the end costs them more than they get out of it. If the exempted property were taxed twenty mills on the dollar it would yield a revenue of half a million dollars. This amount—even after the city paid taxes to itself—subtracted from what is produced by the general rate, would materially lessen every taxpayer's burden. But church people will not have it so, because they think they are forcing contributions to ecclesiasticism from those who do not attend church at all. They seem to delight in squeezing money out of the ungodly for what they esteem sacred purposes.

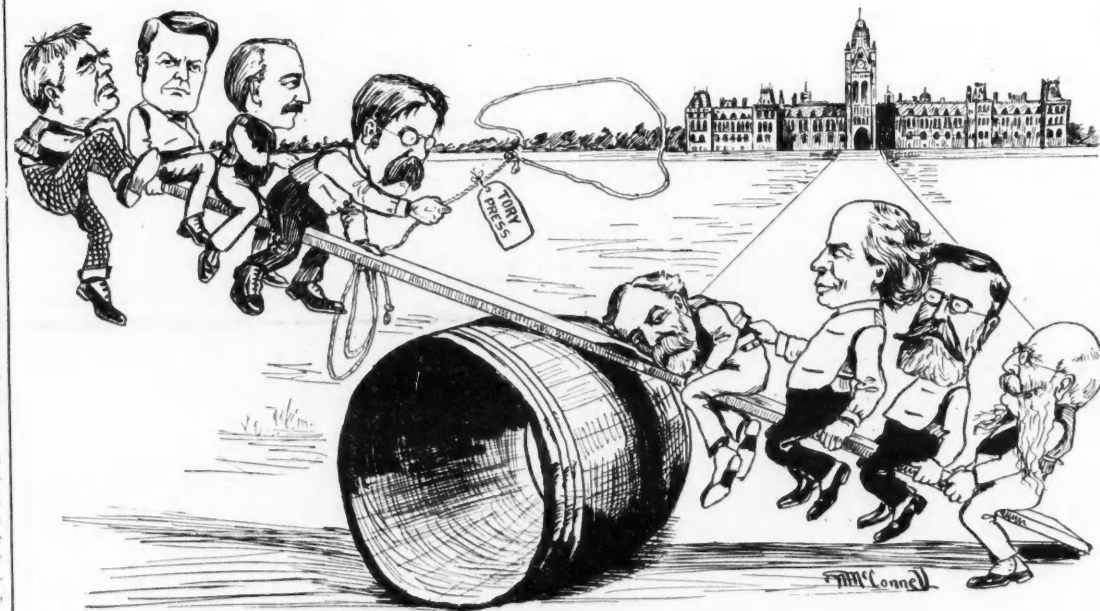
Even our Jewish brethren seem to be learning the trick of trying to work the exemption racket, or at least the Jewish Young Men's Progressive Club was used by the landlord of the building they occupy in an attempt to obtain exemption from taxation for his property. He claimed that the club was a religious affair, though it was maintained by those opposed to the exemption that it was a social and athletic organization, not a religious one. The landlord, in reply, urged that social and athletic features were probably a part of their method of disseminating religion. "It's a doubt in my mind," said he, "where religion begins and ends. The Methodists in Queen street hold socials and dances (?), you know, so that these tenants may be as religious as any other creed." Funny, isn't it, how sacred things are used in business?

It is notorious that some of the large and expensively built houses which the proprietors have been forced to vacate, being hard to rent and heavily taxed, are frequently given over to private schools at low rentals so that they may be exempt from taxation. Tax-dodging in this city has become a fine art, not entirely unconnected with perjury and many other things tending to moral degeneration. And behind all this stream of concealment, misstatement, falsification, dishonesty and a selfish disregard for the rights of others, stand the united religious bodies of Toronto, unconsciously, perhaps, bolstering up an unfair and injurious system so that those who sit in the pews may put fewer coppers in the plate.

"MURDER," wrote a boy, in beginning a composition on that subject, "is a bad habit," but it seems to be a prevalent one in Russia. The last report of the Russian Ministry of Justice states that during the year 1901, 8,601 murders were committed in European Russia, or an average of over twenty murders a day. The land of the Tsar is also notorious for suicides, though recent figures are not at hand to show how many people take their lives every day in that land of the knout and the dungeon. Liberty, though it may be

abused, produces no such results as these, and those who advocate stern measures of individual repression except for the actual peace and safety of the community will do well to ponder on these startling figures, and observe how a disgust of life, and that hatefulness which finds its climax in homicide, are nurtured by espionage and the consequent failure of the people to cultivate self-respect and self-control.

THAT the woes of Ireland have not been altogether caused by the "bloody Sassenach" is made evident by the unbroken series of rows which are quite unconnected with British rule. A gentleman arrived recently in Toronto who was boycotted out of Sligo by the United Irish League for no misdemeanor of his own, but because the Leaguers of that district had a row with somebody else. It was announced in one of the evening papers that he intends to make his home here and invest his not inconsiderable capital in Toronto. If the Leaguers succeed in driving every prosperous man who disagrees with them in politics and the land question out of Ireland, there won't be much left; yet if the press is to be believed, these petty persecutions are being carried on wherever the Leaguers have power to make it disagreeable for their opponents. Nor are these feuds confined to those differing in politics and religion. Belfast is a Protestant city, and recently, when the constituency of South Belfast became vacant by the death of Mr. W. Johnston of Ballykilbeg, a staunch Conservative and one of the pillars of Orangism, a bitter contest took place between Sloan, of the Protestant Association, and Dunbar-Buller, the Unionist and Orangeman, resulting in the election of the former by 826 majority. Such a recognized authority as Colonel Sanderson has declared Sloan's election "a fatal blow to Orangism," while at a meeting in support of the successful candidate Dunbar-Buller was described as "the nominee of Mr. Arthur James Balfour—the most unprincipled, dangerous and Romanizing politician who had sat in the House of Commons since the days of James II. and Judge Jeffreys."



The Game of "Teeter-Tauter," or the Conservative Effort to Capture Tarte.

It has been said that almost anything can be excused in an Irishman, particularly hard words and abusive epithets, and it would seem, to use an Irishism, that Mr. Sloan is very handy with his mouth. He is a prohibitionist, a Wesleyan, in favor of compulsory land purchase, and has denounced the Education Bill as "a sop to Popery." The Protestant Association, which was behind the successful contestant, seems to be rather violent in its impulses, it having gained much unsavory notoriety last year, when three of its leaders were convicted of incitement to riot and an attack upon a Roman Catholic procession. Though the late Mr. Johnston for nearly ten years had been returned unopposed, this party fight amongst the Protestants resulted in the breaking up of nearly all Dunbar-Buller's meetings, and had feeling which it will take years to eliminate. That the result will be a fatal blow to Orangism is, of course, a ridiculous assertion, for the Leaguers of Ireland have by this time learned that there are many worse people than the conservative Orangemen.

THOSE who year after year have heard with equanimity the fulminations of our Trades and Labor Councils and Congresses, and have recognized to what a limited extent they have expressed public opinion, can very well measure the value of the opinions expressed by the Trades Union Congress which was in session in London, England, this week. President Steadman, in an exceedingly pessimistic address, denounced the Government's leading measures as reactionary. His denunciation included the Education Bill, the sugar tax and the grain tax, which he described as being an endeavor to permanently relieve the rich at the expense of the poor. As far away from the scene of the levying of these taxes as Canada, we have recognized the desperate struggles of the Imperial Government to avoid the making of the necessities of life in Great Britain more expensive. Indeed, we have clamored without success for a British tariff on the breadstuffs of other nations in order that we might have a preference in the British market. In the light of the Trades Union's opposition to any bread tax at all, we can see what a tremendous clamor would be raised by these intensely selfish and short-sighted people who find it necessary in their labor parliament to defend themselves against a charge which is being universally made that their limitation of the daily hours of work and of the output is proving disastrous to the commercial supremacy of Great Britain.

That the politics of this trades congress are of the narrowest and most parochial sort, and that their ambition is too much confined to the obtaining of a well-filled envelope on pay day, no better proof could be found than the sweeping and unnecessary resolution which was passed by a vote of 176 to 134 declaring that the South African war was unjust. That any good could be accomplished by such an unpatriotic resolution was not urged; the congress appears to have desired nothing more than to assert itself and go on record as being "agin the Government." Why should any assembly of British citizens endeavor to make the already difficult job of conciliating

South Africa still more difficult, or why should those living under a monarchy struggle to omit any reference to the coronation of King Edward? Such malcontents do the cause of labor no good, while their fulminations do much harm by leading the enemies of Great Britain, unaware of the superficial and demagogic nature of such expressions, to believe that the immense industrial population of Great Britain is disaffected, if not disloyal. As was remarked at the opening of this article, only those who know how little such congresses express the opinion of the masses will be able to esteem how little value are the resolutions passed by men who appear to want most of all to make a kick. Though it cannot be denied that many laborers in the Old Country, particularly miners, have grievances which should be redressed, yet surely the passing of unpatriotic resolutions cannot ameliorate their lot.

IN the caverns of the Uelle River, in the Congo Free State, dwells a species of octopus, so says a Belgian officer just returned from there, which presents a grave danger to all who navigate the river in small boats. The natives call it "Megwe." These creatures, which are numerous, upset the boats of the natives by grasping them with their tentacles, seize one or two men and hie themselves to their caverns, where they feed on their victims' brains by inserting into the nose something which acts like a pump, keep their bodies for about fifteen hours, then throw them back into the river. This may be a ghost story, but nearly every business and professional man has met a brain-sucker of some sort who, though he does not keep his victim for fifteen hours, is capable of making one very tired in fifteen minutes. Physicians who meet men in a business way are continually being attacked by brain-suckers, who think that advice given outside of a doctor's office or the home of the patient should not be paid for. Lawyers are asked for opinions in a social way by those who never pay them a fee. The time of busy men in newspaper offices is frequently taken up by these brain-suckers, who want to know how something

There is a lesson in this "Drayton Grange" episode for Canadians as well as Australians—a lesson accentuated by many more or less tragic occurrences in the field. If Canada is to contribute money and men for the defence of the Empire, it must be under Canadian supervision. Nothing is so certain to destroy all Imperial sentiment as the sending of the flower of a country's youth into a campaign only to have them treated worse than cattle. It has been demonstrated by the case under discussion that even at the end of the war those in charge of affairs had not learned the lessons which repeated misfortunes ought to have driven into their stubborn wooden heads. That the Canadians were not as badly treated as the Australians on their return voyage is probably due to the superior care exercised by their officers, which is but another proof that no matter where Canadian soldiers go they must be officered by men from this country.

A WRITER in one of the recent magazines, describing "a day in a beehive," tells us that soon the little busy bee may improve hours that are not shining, for a Connecticut apiarist is trying to cross bees with fireflies so that they can work at night. It is thus the industrious get the worst of it, the willing horse always being overdriven. If the experiment succeeds, probably some shrewd Yankee farmer who has settled in the North-West will endeavor to cross the hen and the jack-rabbit so as to get woolly eggs that won't freeze.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is being lionized in Paris by the best class of Frenchmen while being abused by down-at-the-heel boulevard journalists. His speeches, delivered, as one Parisian newspaper says, "in the purest French, but with a slight but charming Canadian accent," are models of good taste and attractive oratory. He seems to dread the interviewer, and, judging by a recent report, has a friend or two with him on those rare occasions when he permits himself to talk to a reporter. This is a wise precaution, for few have suffered more by reason of misrepresentation than our prudent Premier, who at home seldom, if ever, says an unwise thing, and is not likely to become foolishly garrulous while abroad. Canadians, irrespective of party, must feel a certain thrill of pleasure in being represented by so attractive a gentleman as Sir Wilfrid. The Parisians by this time must know that all Canadians do not wear toques, blanket overcoats and snowshoes the year round.

HYDROPHOBIA has not lost its terrors, even though Pasteur discovered what was more or less a counteracting virus. I have never quite understood whether even any specialists in America, or indeed outside of Paris, have ever understood the application of Pasteur's discovery. At any rate, more than twenty deaths from hydrophobia have been reported in the United States within the past three months, and the horror of such an exit from life is enough to make us look with suspicion on every dog we meet. It is said that every person who dies from hydrophobia dies a thousand deaths, and if the final agonies detailed in the newspapers are even half as great as we have been led to believe, one death per annum amongst 70,000,000 people would be too many. A writer in the United States says with regard to these fatalities: "Probably nine-tenths of those who die were victims of the maulin, morbid sympathy professed for savage brutes by persons who think that such sympathy is an indication of noble character. It is by this class that a hue and cry is raised whenever measures are proposed for the extirpation of the most dreadful disease known to man. Such simple and painless devices as muzzling and quarantine are frantically denounced as cruel and inhuman, and, as a consequence, dogs are given a license to torture and kill far beyond the privileges of Nature's most enlightened beings. For generations this spirit of ridiculous toleration of canine savagery was wed full sway in England, as it still is in this country; seven or eight years ago the authorities decided to disregard sickly sentimentalism and adopted measures by which hydrophobia was completely blotted out of England and kept out. Not a single case of hydrophobia has occurred there in the past six years." In Canada our regulations are as loose as they are in the United States, and while the mutilation of children and the intimidation of adults goes merrily on, it is marvelous that so few deaths from hydrophobia are reported; though while this is the case, it is still the duty of the authorities to insist upon the English plan, not only to prevent horrible deaths by madness, but to save the little ones from being mangled and grown-up people from being frightened almost to death.

THE other night I noticed on a deeply shaded street which intersects one where a drain is being put down, a shack standing in the middle of the road unmarked by a light on either end of it, though the thoroughfare was open and anyone might drive into it in the darkness caused by the thick trees. This is certainly a very careless way of conducting public works. Should a horse be driven against it or shy away from it and cause an accident, the city will be liable for heavy damages, and perhaps a precious life may be lost. This sort of thing is not only carelessness, but in the nature of criminal carelessness.

HOW to profitably employ prisoners without interfering with free labor has always been a difficult problem, made none the easier of solution by the vigorous opposition of union labor to every method suggested. Park Commissioner Chambers, who is looking after the erection of some buildings in Riverdale Park, has offended the Building Laborers' International Protective Union by employing prisoners from the jail as helpers. He states that he has not sufficient funds to complete the work if men are to be paid the usual rate of wages. Of course the matter will come up before the Board of Control and the Council, and the vote-hunters will be shocked to think that bread is being taken from the mouths of honest freemen by convicts, even though the convicts are probably men sent to jail for short terms for reformatory rather than punitive reasons. For their own good, these prisoners must be made to work, and if union ideas were carried out they would be made to wheel dirt from one side of the jail yard to the other, accomplishing nothing, and being made to detest labor by the uselessness of their task. Why, indeed, should not these men be permitted to do some work with heart in it? and there can be no heart in labor unless something of value is being accomplished. The citizens are paying the cost of the prisoners' maintenance, and it is preposterous to urge that they should not repay the expense they are causing by doing work for the city. If I am compelled to board and clothe a healthy man who is thrust upon me for maintenance, have I no right to permit him to repay me by his labor? This is exactly the position of the city with regard to the prisoners. It appears that work is being done which would not be done if prison labor were not used. It is taking the bread out of nobody's mouth,



for every able-bodied freeman can get all the work he wants either at home or in Manitoba. The Controllers and the City Council should unanimously take a firm stand on the principle that prisoners who are being restrained and supported by the public should be utilized on every work that is for the general good. If any union denies this principle and makes a kick, it will find that it is going much further than public opinion will tolerate.

**MAYOR HOWLAND**, on his return home from an outing in the Lake Temiskaming district, made one of the sanest suggestions of which he has ever been guilty, and urges the press, of which up to date he has thought so little, to keep his idea before the eyes of the Government. He is convinced that the new Government Railway from North Bay to Lake Temiskaming should be operated by electricity instead of steam, and states, with his usual cocksureness, that there are plenty of waterfalls along the line to provide all the power necessary. If, as he says, there is sufficient water-power to generate all the electricity that will be required, by all means let us have an electric road, for his contention that steam engines are apt to throw out sparks which may cause forest fires and destroy one of the most valuable assets of the district, is a sound one. I do not know whether he went over the route which the engineers have adopted, or what is the basis of his belief in the existence of accessible power, but it is the sort of country which generally abounds in streams large and small, and waterfalls without number. I believe the Government has stated that there is ample water-power along the line for manufacturing of all sorts, and if this is the case sufficient energy can doubtless be found to move all the traffic that the colonization road will ever get. The New York Central, one of the best equipped railroads in the world, is changing a portion of its line, at a cost of many millions of dollars, so that it may be operated by electricity. One need go no farther than Galt and Preston to see trolley motors hauling short trains of freight cars to and from the C. P. R. line. Moreover, in a colonization road arrangements should be made whereby the settlers could get on and off the train and load their produce without hauling it miles over bad roads to a station, even though they live near the track. The whole management of the road would be vastly simplified and cheapened, and many accidents avoided, by the adoption of the electric system. If the line is built simply for trolley purposes its construction would be much cheapened, but even if the gradients were made suitable for steam traffic the trolley might still be used with advantage. Of course much of the feasibility of all this depends upon the cheap production of power, and it is well worth the while of the Commission appointed by the Government to take charge of the construction of the line, to look into the matter and obtain reports from their engineers. Such a course might delay operations for a month or two, but the province has got along without the road so far, and can well afford to wait rather than make the mistake of going too fast and missing the opportunities which nature has provided.

**THE** wonders which modern improvements are accomplishing are well illustrated by the effect that the big dam or barrage at Assiout is having on Egyptian agriculture. It has already been demonstrated that the Nile this year will either be low or extremely low, and though the crops of Lower Egypt are always sure, the inundation being regular in that district, those of Middle Egypt would this year be a failure were it not for the barrage, which has saved the situation, and by providing water for irrigation will go a long way towards paying the original cost of construction. The position is most serious this year in Upper Egypt, where only by the construction of two barrages like that of Assiout in the Esneh and Kench districts could sufficient water be provided to make the land productive. Probably these will be built and the whole country secured from a lack of water, the first dam having been so successful. If anything could make the Egyptian fellahen loyal to Great Britain, this paternal care should do so, for not only will enormous districts be reclaimed, but the poor downtrodden peasantry are protected not only from extortion and the bastinado, but even from the vagaries of the weather and the freaks of the mystic Nile, so that they are not only sure of liberty, but almost absolutely certain of good crops.

**THE** extraordinary efforts of Germany to exclude Canadian wheat and wheat products unless they pay the discriminatory tax of what is equivalent to five cents a bushel in excess of what is charged other countries, should stir the Canadian Parliament into those reprisals which would make the Kaiser and his people feel that Canada imports German manufactured goods six or eight times as much in value as Germany, even before the discriminatory tariff, took of us in crude products such as grain. There is nothing to prevent Canada making a mark of Germany and putting an almost prohibitive tax on her goods—we should be glad of the chance. We can very well get along without the cheap German stuff which comes in here, and if we are self-respecting people we certainly will do so, for nothing could be more pointed or irritating than the last anti-Canadian measure adopted by Germany. It has been the habit of United States millers to mix our superior grade of wheat with their own in order to produce a high-class flour. This having come to the knowledge of the German officials, they now require a certificate of origin with every shipment of United States grain or flour in order that none of the Canadian product shall creep in without paying the discriminatory tax. All this hatefulness was born of the desire of Canada to give Great Britain an advantage over foreign nations in our markets. No other country took such offence at what was a mere matter of domestic policy, and if our Government sits quietly by without retorting in kind it will have to explain itself to the people. It is possible that there is a diplomatic "hen on," or that there is a hitch somewhere, but this condition of affairs has existed for so long a time that either action or explanation is already overdue.

**THE** automobile problem is becoming a serious one in England, and legislation with regard to it is being demanded. In the interests of the motorists themselves some adequate measures should be passed before panic sets in, when a drastic law might put England away behind other countries in the liberties which automobilists enjoy. The London "Mail" says: "The worst difficulty is caused by the motorists themselves, who neglect every precaution and behave atrociously on the road. Little less objectionable are the rural magistrates, who wish to stop the use of motor cars altogether, or to compel them to crawl about the country at absurdly low speeds." Here in Canada we should realize that motor cars have come to stay, and those who are using them should be careful to handle them in a satisfactory manner, and not stir up an agitation for limitations which would destroy the pleasure and usefulness of these vehicles. In England, the United States and France reckless driving of motor cars has driven nearly everyone who cannot afford one into direct opposition to their use on public highways.

**A** WISE and learned judge in England has lately declared his disapproval of the peroration as a set feature of public addresses. He goes so far as to say that "if the profession of law and the practice of rhetoric could be freed from the peroration, a great public service would be performed." In this connection it is apropos to repeat the story of the revivalist who, when he invited the brethren and sisters to give their "experience," always uttered this warning: "Now, my friends, if you've got a nice long speech ready, just cut off both ends and give us the middle."

### Social and Personal.

**L**ORD DUNDONALD must have been unfeignedly glad to flick the dust of Toronto off his military boots after the unending succession of dinners, speeches, addresses and interviews which were crowded into his short stay in town of two days. He does not impress one as being a man who cares for the ceremonial and social side of a public man's career, and I fancy he must have been heartily glad when it was all over. Accompanied by Colonel Lord Aylmer, Lieutenant-Colonel Cotton, and his A. D. C., Captain Newton, the General arrived on Monday, and during his stay stopped at the Queen's. On Monday afternoon he lunched with the Directors out at the Exhibition, and in the evening was the guest of the National Club at their ultra successful dinner. The speeches, I am told, were of a capital order, and, to descend to lesser things, the menu cards were most artistically gotten up. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Frederic Nicholls was the host at a little yachting party on board his electric launch, while in the evening Colonel Pellatt gave his very swaggy military dinner party at the Toronto Club. The General and his staff left for Ottawa on Tuesday evening, after having splendidly impressed everyone he met, both civilians and military men alike.

That distinguished party of Australian visitors, Sir Edmund and Lady Barton, Miss Barton, Sir John and Lady Forest, and Mr. Chapman, M.P., arrived in town early in the week, and left for Kingston, en route to Montreal, on Thursday morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Denison and Mrs. Denison entertained at dinner in their honor on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday Lady Mulock gave a charming luncheon, at which covers were laid for twenty at a table daintily arranged with quantities of huge American Beauties.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly returned to town this week from Old Orchard Beach, where she spent several weeks at the Kirkwood Inn.

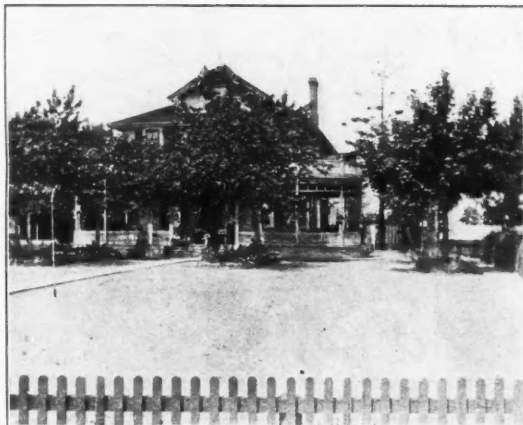
Lieutenant-Colonel Delamere, Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce and Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson are three well known military men who are in Ottawa this week for the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association.

Rev. Dr. Warden and Mrs. Warden, of St. George street, have returned to town from their summer residence at Roach's Point. I hear that Mr. Alexander Warden's marriage to Miss Mary Lyle of Hamilton is to take place early next month.

Mr. Justice Girouard and Madame Girouard, of Ottawa, who have been summering on the St. Lawrence, are at present staying at the Welland House, St. Catharines.

Mrs. James C. Grace has returned from Sturgeon Point, where she occupied her pretty cottage during the summer months.

Major Albert Gooderham needs a big house for his sturdy family, and such is his Island home in "Gooderhamville," as one part of the lake front is often called. A hospitable couple are the Major and his young wife, and a bright and well-trained little group are their happy



youngsters, who are always up to their eyes in fun the long summer through at their very pleasant Island home. Other folks' children are apt to be often with the young Gooderhams, and bicycles, baby carriages, amateur carved wood toys, and easy hammocks are always in evidence. It is a children's paradise, as well as a home many grown-ups find delightful.

Mrs. Beecher, of Sylvan Tower, who with Miss Caroline Macklem has been spending some weeks in the White Mountains, has returned to town.

Mrs. Plunkett Magann has returned from Murray Bay, where she spent July and August.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne are back in town again, and have, I hear, taken a house in Cluny avenue, in that neighborhood of nouveaux mariés.

Miss Muriel Ridout has returned from a delightful holiday spent at Metis.

Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, and Miss Ella Osler sailed from New York this week for England. They are to be absent, I believe, some six or seven weeks.

An early autumn wedding that caused no little interest here took place in Ottawa this week, when Miss Mildred Gwendolyn Church, daughter of the late Dr. Clarence Church, was married to Mr. Charles Colebrooke Patterson, eldest son of the Hon. J. C. Patterson. The ceremony took place in Christ Church Cathedral, the Rev. Henry Kittson, M.A., and the Rev. Mr. Loucks being the officiating clergy. The bride was given away by her cousin, Dr. Fred Church, and her three remarkably handsome bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Muriel Church, Miss Annie Patterson, sister of the groom, and Miss Rhea Bowie, of Brockville. The bride is considered one of the loveliest of the younger set in the Capital, noted for its pretty girls. She is one of a family of four very handsome sisters, and is herself a tall and striking beauty of the Southern type. Mrs. Patterson and her sister, Miss Muriel Church, have many friends in Toronto, they having been at school here as well as frequently attending race week.

Mr. Clarke Bowker and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald are two popular young men who left for the West during the week. Mr. Bowker, I believe, is to be stationed in Brandon, and Mr. Macdonald in Winnipeg.

Lieutenant-General Laurie, M.P., and Mrs. Laurie arrived out from England last week, and intend spending some time at Lake St. John. General and Mrs. Laurie are well known here, they having formerly spent some years in Canada when General Laurie represented an eastern county in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

Mr. J. K. Kerr of Rathlilly returned to Toronto this week, after an absence of some time in the Old Country. Mr. Albert Nordheimer was another homeward bound Torontonian on the same steamer.

I hear that those progressive Southern men who this

year are managing the Queen's Royal at Niagara-on-the-Lake, intend to keep open the hotel until the 3rd of October. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, as September is a delightful month to spend in that picturesque little town of ancient memories and present gaieties. From all accounts things are to "hum" there this month, as the military camp, under the Earl of Dundonald, is to take place shortly, and in consequence a number of smart dances and dinners are on the tapis.

Invitations are out this week for the marriage of Miss Agnes Strickland Vickers, daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Vickers, to Mr. Philip Edward Mackenzie, of Rat Portage. The wedding is to take place in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday, September 24th, at half-past two, and is to be followed by a reception at the Vickers homestead in Adelaide street.

Miss Ethel Heaven, who has been spending the summer with her sister and aunts at the seashore and in the Catskill Mountains, returned home in time to attend the wedding of her cousin, Miss Lilian Heaven, and Dr. Sturge at Oakville.

Mrs. (Dr.) Mohr and her little son Murray are visiting Mrs. Edward Cummings, Church street.

The committee in charge of the Argonaut Fall Regatta and At Home, to be held on Saturday, September 13th, are leaving nothing undone that will make this event "the best yet." As the number of tickets to be issued is limited, members are reminded to send in the names of their friends as early as possible to Mr. J. B. Merrick, or to any of the following:—Mr. C. A. E. Goldman, Captain Barker, Mr. Norman Bastedo, Major J. C. Mason, Mr. Donald Bremner, Mr. C. F. Pentland, Mr. J. W. Barry, Major O. Heron.

Oakville was en fete on Tuesday last, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Lilian Isabel Heaven, daughter of the late Arthur George Heaven, of "Glenside," to Dr. Edgar Sturge, a rising young physician of Scranton, Pa. Many friends went from Toronto, and the society of Oakville was fully represented. St. Jude's church was most artistically decorated with asters, hydrangeas and palms. At 1.30 p.m. the bridegroom, attended by his best man, Dr. Daniel A. Webb, of Scranton, entered from the vestry, and the strains of the wedding march pealed forth as the bridal procession came up the flower bordered aisle. The ushers were Messrs. Rutledge, Langton, and C. G. Heaven, of Oakville, and Mr. George H. Chisholm, of Buffalo, N.Y. The bridesmaids were the Misses Violet Appelbe, Edith Parrish, of Oakville, Alice Stewart and Adela Heaven of Toronto. The maid of honor was Miss Muriel Heaven, sister of the bride. She wore a dress of cream crepe, with insertions of lace over blue silk; the bridesmaids similar gowns over white or gold-colored silk, with touches of blue. Their wide rustic hats were trimmed with soft blue ribbons and forget-me-nots. Miss Heaven, wearing a graceful white satin gown, trimmed with chiffon and lace, pearl ornaments, the gift of the bridegroom, fastening her corsage and veil, and carrying a beautiful shower bouquet of white roses and sweet peas, entered upon the arm of her brother Mr. Claude C. Heaven, who gave her away. The service was performed by the Rev. Canon Worrell, assisted by the Rev. Cecil A. Heaven, brother of the bride. While the party was in the vestry Mrs. Alec Chisholm sang a delightful solo. A reception was held at "Glenside," where the numerous and valuable presents were displayed in the breakfast-room and were greatly admired. Dr. and Mrs. Sturge left to make a tour of Lower Canada before going to their home in Scranton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gage and family sail from New York by the "Celtic" on Saturday. They expect to spend the winter on the Continent and will probably be abroad until next spring.

Of the merry party summering on the pretty island of "Ojai," Stony Lake, the Misses Lucas, Miss Evelyn Thompson and Dr. Isabelle Little have returned to their homes in this city.

Mr. John Thompson of Simcoe, Mr. E. J. Skeans of Buffalo, and Mr. S. Monroe of this city, have been spending a few days at "Ojai," Stony Lake.

Dr. James Hannay, a veteran journalist of St. John, N.B., author of the "History of Acadia," and at present engaged on the "History of New Brunswick," spent three or four days in the city this week.

Mr. Kenneth D. Simpson, son of Mr. Douglas Simpson, has just returned to Toronto after serving nearly two years in South Africa as lieutenant in the Cape Town Highlanders.

Miss Eva Delamere returns from Muskoka on Saturday, where she has been all summer. Mr. Tom Delamere is expected in town on Saturday from South Africa. He went out there with the last contingent.

Mr. and Mrs. John Draper Dobie, of St. Catharines, are coming to Toronto to live next week, and have taken a flat in the St. George apartments. Mrs. Dobie was Miss Jessie Fenton of St. Kitts.

Miss McLeod, of Woodstock, has been the guest of Mrs. Fred Cox, Hotel Hanlan. Miss McLeod's marriage will take place in a week or so to Mr. Kennedy of San Francisco and she will go out there to live.

Mrs. E. Jeffrey, of Bowmanville, has been visiting her son, Mr. S. H. Jeffrey, of St. Mary's street, this week. Mr. Jeffrey, who is one of the staff of teachers in Huron street school, is just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Clement Bates, wife of Judge Bates, Cincinnati, and Mrs. Kane, wife of Captain Kane, U.S.N., have joined their brother, Colonel Higbee, at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Kane are accompanied by their sons, Mr. Hugh Bates and Mr. Frank Kane.

Mrs. P. Ryan and daughter, Miss Josephine Ryan, of Guelph, were visitors in the city last week, on their return from a very pleasant visit of several weeks with Mrs. Ryan's daughter, Mrs. W. Moore, at Barrie.

Among those registered at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs:—Mrs. J. A. McMullen and Miss Helen McMullen, Lansing, Michigan; Miss Theresa Nelson, Northampton, Mass.; Mr. James Kendry, Peterborough; Mr. F. T. Weir, H. C. Philpott, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pearson, Mrs. P. E. Doolittle, Miss Irene Doolittle, Master Gordon Doolittle, Mr. A. McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Lyon, Mr. J. W. McGuire, Mrs. Isabella Notman, Mrs. John Ryan, C. A. B. Brown, James C. McGee, D. Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Miss N. Draxley, Miss C. Langton, Mrs. S. M. Clapp, Mrs. W. E. Bulmer, Toronto; Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, Ottawa; Miss Howland, Guelph; Miss Taylor, England; Mrs. A. Little, Mr. G. Stewart, Mr. A. Watson, Guelph; Mr. Bricker, wife and son, Berlin.

Mr. William Gourlay, of Toronto, is at Bobcaygeon, Kawartha, enjoying the September weather fishing and duck shooting.

Miss Lizzie Nevil, of Toronto, is spending her vacation at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. James McKibbin and son, of Gaylord, Michigan, are visiting relatives in McGill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman E. Townsend are spending a short holiday at Fairport, near Huntsville.



**WM. STITT & CO.**  
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers  
**BRIDAL AND BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS**

Reception, Evening and Dinner Gowns

MILLINERY—Hats for all occasions. GLOVES—2 clasped Gloves in Dressing and Undressed Kid, in all the newest shadings and colorings. CORSETS—The La Grecque and Lullie Ribbon.

**PARIS KID GLOVE STORE**  
11 & 13 King St. East  
Tel. Main 888. TORONTO

**THE Bell Productions**  
at the  
**Toronto Fair**

"LARGEST MAKERS UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG."

WHEN visiting Toronto Exhibition, don't fail to visit the display of the Bell Organ & Piano Co., which will be shown in the Music Pavilion. In addition to the Company's usual magnificent exhibit of ART BELL PIANOS and ORGANS, they will show

**"The Bellolian"**

a truly wonderful self playing organ, also

**The Bellolian Piano-Player**

the simplest, the latest and the best piano playing device yet produced. A duplicate of the entire exhibit may also be seen at the Company's Toronto Warehouse, 146 Yonge Street—open evenings during Exhibition—the public cordially invited.

**GOWANS KENT & CO.**

**Bischoff**

Mr. Franz A. Bischoff of Detroit will conduct classes in our studio beginning September 15 and continuing for two weeks. We will be pleased to supply any further information upon application.

**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

**McKENDRY & CO.**

**Bargains in Silk and Lace Capes**  
We carried this season the handsomest line of Lace, Silk and Cloth Capes ever imported into Canada. The time has come to close out balances, and so we cut the prices exactly in two.  
**Silk and Lace Capes**  
FORMER PRICES—\$12.50, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00.  
SALE PRICES—\$6.25, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50.  
**Cloth Capes**  
Beautifully Embroidered  
FORMER PRICES—\$4.50, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$12.50, \$15.00.  
SALE PRICES—\$2.25, \$3.75, \$4.50, \$6.25, \$7.50.  
We send to any address an assortment of these capes on approval. Write now.  
**McKENDRY & CO., 226 and 228 YONGE STREET, TORONTO**

**Exhibition Visitors**

are invited to view our newly decorated salesrooms and to inspect our high-class

**Cut Flowers and Palms**

All flowers and palms can be shipped with perfect safety; arrival in good condition guaranteed.

**Dunlop's**

5 KING ST. WEST (Toronto) 445 YONGE ST.  
Send For Descriptive Price-list.

**Cutlery**

OUR assortment of table cutlery embraces the best and latest designs of the leading English makers. We will be pleased to have you inspect our stock.

**CUTLERY CABINETS**

**Rice Lewis & Son**

LIMITED  
Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto



# ATTO

## NEW GOODS and AUTUMN NOVELTIES

Now in full display:

- Suitings
- Silk and Wool Gownings
- Laces and Lace Gowns
- Silk Scarves and Sashes
- Mantles
- Rain and Dust Coats
- Traveling Wraps and Rugs
- Shoulder Shawls
- Head Wraps

**JOHN CATTO & SON**  
King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO.

## A Well Known Fact

There are more people wear glasses now than ever before. Glasses are better appreciated. Here you get a skilled optician to examine and fit your eyes with the very best glasses.

10 years with Ryrie Bros.  
**E. CULVERHOUSE**  
Consulting Optician  
74 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## CHAMPAGNES

All the Leading Brands.  
CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, PORTS, SHERRIES  
ETC., ETC.

**GEO. W. COOLEY**  
567 Yonge Street  
NORTH 89


## Lost!

A golden opportunity will be lost if you do not take advantage of the splendid bargains we are now offering in Bath Specialties.

Everything for the Bath:  
BATH BRUSHES,  
BATH TOWELS,  
BATH MATS,  
BATH TABLETS,  
SOAP, SOAP-BOXES,  
SPONGES,  
LAVENDER WATER,  
VIOLET WATER.  
GREAT VALUES.

**THE HOOPER CO.**  
LIMITED  
43 and 45 KING ST. WEST

**A TIMELY SUGGESTION**



TRY THE DECANTER AT  
**THOMAS**

Social and Personal

Quite the banner dance of the season was last Friday's I. A. A. A., and certainly, as far as attendance went, it easily carried off the palm. One sees with regret the beginning of the end of these jolly "hops," and very soon nothing but the pleasant memory of the most successful season on record will remain. On Friday evening I noticed, among others, Mrs. A. A. Alexander, looking very well in white; Mrs. Arthur Meredith, in black; Mrs. Ross Gooderham, in white, and wearing a very becoming scarlet cloak; Miss Olive Logan, in a turquoise blue muslin; Miss Marjory McFarlane, in a dainty white muslin; Miss Emily McWilliams, in white, with blue ribbon trimmings; Miss Ruby Croil, stunning, as usual, in a smart black and white gown; Miss Francis, in white organdie; Miss Laura Gale, in pink muslin. Present among many others were: Mrs. William Eastwood, Mrs. Charles Pearson, Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. William Morrison, Miss Reid, Miss Lowndes, Miss E. Taylor, Miss Dot Lamont, Miss Louise Blight, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Dim-

ples Cosgrave, Miss Sloan, Miss Sewall, Miss Spry (Barrie), Miss Clara Eby, Miss Luvia Ireland, Misses Brent, Miss Rice (Massachusetts), and a few of the men were: Mr. Arthur Massey, Mr. Findlay, Mr. Carter, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Reid, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Ross Cameron, Mr. Rae, Mr. Fortier, Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. Allan, Mr. Merrick, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Thorne.

Mr. Morton Jones is back from Port Colborne, where he has spent the last few weeks.

Rev. Mr. Plummer is the guest of Mrs. DeGruchy at her pretty summer home, "The Glade," at Jackson's Point.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Toller of Ottawa, who have spent the summer at their cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake, have returned to the Capital.

Captain R. K. Barker is in town again, after a delightful outing at Roach's Point.

Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the solo soprano of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, returns to-day from her summer vacation.

Mr. Montague King left this week for King's Park, Lake Rosseau, where he will spend a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O'Hara returned this week from summering at Roach's Point.

Mrs. Angus Sinclair of Huron street, accompanied by her daughters, left on Monday for a visit to Oakville.

Bon voyage to Miss Etches and Miss Constance Etches, who sail from Montreal next Wednesday on a lengthy visit to the Old Country.

Rev. A. J. Broughall and Mrs. Broughall have returned to the rectory from Sutton, where they spent the month of August.

Mrs. McLeod of Huron street has returned from Sarnia, where she spent the summer visiting friends.

Miss Foster and Miss Annie Foster returned to town this week from Ottawa, where they were present at that smart social function, the Church-Patterson wedding.

"San Toy," that hospitable bachelor cottage at Ward's Island, was the scene of a jolly little supper party on Saturday evening last, which claimed Mr. R. H. Temple as host. An impromptu musical concert of a varied nature was gone through during the evening, with considerable success. The guests were: Messrs. J. Hamilton, W. M. Temple, T. Temple, Fred Gordon, Frank Carder, Reginald Bloomfield, R. J. Fulton, W. Burdon, J. Rose, Fred Lane, Jack Powell, Harry Heyes, Bob Hutchison, Fred Hutchison, Sherwood Crawford, Graham Kelsie, Dick Joyce, Fred Harrison, W. Joyce, Jack McLennan, and Horace Tibbs.

Mr. Ernie Proctor is home again from an enjoyable holiday spent at Lake Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tremear have returned home after a visit of some months to the Old Country. Mrs. Tremear will receive at 681 Ontario street on the third and fourth Tuesdays in the month.

Judge Moss and Mrs. Moss arrived home this week from Owen Sound, where they spent some weeks at the King's Royal.

Mrs. Walter Ridout has returned to

## Short Notes

"Astoria" is a dainty size of correspondence paper suited to the writing of short notes.

We have it in a variety of writing surfaces.

In "Early English"—a most elegant paper—a box of Astoria (120 sheets), with envelopes to match, sells for \$2.40.

One's house name or street address may be added to the paper at a moderate cost.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
Jewelers  
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto

**A. E. AMES & CO.**  
BANKERS  
18 King St. East, Toronto

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.**  
Deposit accounts received, subject to cheque.  
Interest at FOUR PER CENT, allowed on balances and compounded half-yearly.

A. E. AMES  
S. D. FRASER

A. E. WALLACE  
H. R. TUDHOPE

town from Port Colborne, where she spent the summer.

Mrs. F. B. Warren is in Montreal on a visit to Mrs. James Mackay of St. Catherine street.

Mr. and Mrs. Cavers returned to Toronto the beginning of the week from Longueau, where they were the guests of Mrs. Marcou.

Mr. D. D. Mann and Mrs. Mann, who with their family have been spending the summer at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, got back to town this week.

Rev. Mr. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace are home again from Muskoka, where they spent some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. David Evans of Chicago, who are spending some weeks in town, gave a bright little theater party at the Princess on Monday evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. S. McAllister, Miss Alexander, Miss Knight of New York, and Mr. W. Alexander.

Mrs. Raynald Gamble has returned from Tadoussac, where she spent the summer months.

Mrs. Rennie of "Morningside," Swansea, who has just returned from a very pleasant summer at Lake Simcoe, will not receive until the third Wednesday of September, and on the first and third Wednesdays of the month following.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon and Miss Maud Gordon of University street have removed to 11 Isabella street, the house of Mrs. Souch, who has lately come to Toronto from Grand Rapids, Mich. Owing to Mrs. Gordon's continued ill-health, she will not receive during the fall months.

Mrs. Brouse and Miss Brouse, who have been staying in Ottawa with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer at Buena Vista, have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell have returned from a pleasant trip to England and the Continent. They were among the Toronto people who saw the Coronation procession from the great colonial stand in Whitehall, and also enjoyed the hospitalities so delightfully tendered the colonial visitors to London this year.

Dr. Vaux and Miss Vaux, who have been traveling abroad for some time, arrived in Boston last Friday on the steamer "New England." They got back to town on Monday last.

Mr. G. E. Horsey of Bernard avenue sailed from New York this week for Europe. Mr. Horsey is accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. Horsey-Turner and Miss Horsey, and before returning they will spend some time traveling on the Continent.

Mr. J. A. Alley has returned from Atlantic City, where he has spent some weeks.

Dr. D. J. G. Wishart has got back from the Georgian Bay, where he has been staying at his summer cottage. Mrs. Wishart does not return to town till later in the month.

Professor and Mrs. Vander Smisen and Miss Edith Vander Smisen, who have been in Germany for over a year, are now staying in Scarborough, England.

Mrs. Roether and Miss Marguerite Roether of Macpherson avenue, after having had a most delightful trip through the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Montreal, returned to Toronto this week. On their way home they spent several days with Mr. Roether at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

## Baby's Own Tablets

Help Little Babies and Big Children in All Their Minor Illnesses.

When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety, or cross, and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest—because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is, the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. George W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says: "My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry, and his food did him no good, as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale, and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular; he began to grow; and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand, and can recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store, or you can get them by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

## Queer Case of Bibliomania.

M. A. Brisson relates an anecdote in the "Temps" of a certain well-known Frenchman, an octogenarian, who spent most of his time in his younger days in Paris hunting up valuable books among the second-hand bookshops in the neighborhood of the Place St. Michel and the Place Dauphine. He rarely came across a "find," but his fervor never abated. He was a bachelor, and for a housekeeper had an extremely plain woman, who, however, had caught from her master the taste for old books, and occasionally came home with an armful when she had been marketing. One day the housekeeper appeared with a parcel of books wrapped in paper and asked her master to look at them. Among the rubbish was a small volume bound in red morocco. "What have you paid for this?" the master gasped after looking at the title page. "Thirty sous for the lot," the servant replied. "But, my good woman,

## September Weddings

### Sidy The Florist

75 KING ST. WEST

has everything seasonable and up-to-date in the floral line.

ESTABLISHED 29 YEARS.

## Printed Wedding Invitations.

THE following are samples of the two popular styles of type used for wedding invitations:

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF OUR "SHADED OLD ENGLISH" TYPE:

Mr. & Mrs. John Goodman

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF OUR "SCRIPT" TYPE:

Mr. & Mrs. John Goodman

THE "Shaded Old English" is very much in vogue this season—or the "Script" is always in good form.

SAMPLES of either style will be sent on application, together with our table of prices.

**The Bain Book & Stationery Co.**  
96 Yonge Street, Toronto

## ON YOUR RETURN

from your vacation or from your summer home don't delay getting your complexion restored to its former clearness. Nothing equals our scientific and delightful



## Face Treatments

for removing all impurities, blotches, discolorations, etc., and for rejuvenating a faded and withered complexion. They are decidedly superior to any given elsewhere.

Established Over Ten Years.  
Nearly 50,000 Patrons and Patients.

Ladies living out of town who purpose visiting the Exposition are invited to call and consult us regarding any complexional, scalp or skin trouble.

Superficial Hair, Moles, Warts, Birth marks, etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

Best Manicuring and Chiro-pody in City.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**  
Dept. H. 501 CHURCH ST. Tel. N. 1666

## Old Houses

look like new when they have passed through our hands. A thorough knowledge born of long experience, a staff of skilled workmen, and a most carefully selected stock, combine to insure results which are only seen in our work. It may cost a little more, but it lasts a long time and is always pleasant to look at.

**The ELLIOTT & SON CO., Limited**  
INTERIOR DECORATORS  
79 KING STREET WEST

## OSTEOPATHY

**BILLBOUGH & HENDERSON**  
Osteopathic Physicians  
44 Canada Life Building, King Street West

We cure without resorting to drugs or the knife. Consultation and examination free. Literature on application.

Residence—85 Spence Ave. Phone—M 3642  
London Branch—168 Kent Street.

## Stationery Department

Ladies' Work Depository  
47 KING STREET WEST

Lowest prices for Card Plates, Crests, Monograms and Address Dies.

Special attention given to Embossing and Printing Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations, etc., from plate or type.

**MISS E. PORTER**

## C/C A LA GRACE CORSETS

Nothing so new or chic shown as these dainty straight-front Parisian designs—made in a variety of models—a certain style for every figure. Popular prices.

ASK FOR C/C A LA GRACE MODELS  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS

## "It is a Fownes"

That is all you require to know about a Glove. They are made for women and men. Demand them from your dealer.

## Serve With Cream

That healthful, nourishing and easy-to-digest Cereal Breakfast Food, "Wheat Marrow," is delicious for the morning breakfast dish when served with sugar and cream.

There are a hundred different ways to prepare it for the table and each one you'll think better than the other. Sterilized. It contains four-fifths of the elements necessary to sustain life.

**W. T. PEMBER**  
197-199 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## Wheat Marrow

Sold by best grocers.

## PRESCRIPTIONS

**ANDREW JEFFREY**  
Cor. Carlton and Yonge Streets  
Toronto

## Ladies' Bangs and Pompadours

We carry the largest and best stock of Ladies' Natural Curly Bangs and Pompadours to choose from.

Twenty different designs from \$4.00 to \$10.00. All goods guaranteed as represented and made on improved principles.

**JAHN & SON**  
73 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

## MANICURING and CHIROPODY

Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert.

**L. A. STACKHOUSE**, 134 King Street West, Toronto, Opposite Randa House, Phone—1888

## The Finest Complexion Is Valueless

unless framed in a silky and luxuriant coronal of hair. It may be that Nature has supplied you with the one but not the other or perhaps from illness or other cause your hair may have lost its old-time appearance and abundance. Perhaps you have worried how best to remedy this. If so, we can be of service. Our **POMPADOUR BANG** is the most artistic and perfect creation so far produced in hair lines. It is made of the finest imported natural wavy hair, without any artificial base, being dressed simply upon a comb. It is absolutely invisible when worn, even in the noonday sun. It may be dressed in a trio of becoming ways—"The Pompadour," "The American Dip," and the "Suggested Part," and it can be matched to any shade of hair or complexion. When donned it adds that nameless tone of elegance that comes only from well-groomed hair. Almost any hair-dresser can make Bangs. We haven't been content to produce the ordinary kind. We have aimed at exclusiveness, superiority and perfection, and we offer **THE POMPADOUR** as combining the most beautiful effects obtainable outside of Paris.

**W. T. PEMBER**  
197-199 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## Visitors to the Toronto Exhibition Invited to Call

Our manufacturing department excels all others. Send for our illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupes, Bangs, Switches, etc., etc. For up-to-date Hair-Dressing Tel. Main 1531.

**The DORENWEID CO. OF TORONTO**  
LIMITED  
103-105 Yonge Street, Toronto

## LADIES RETURNING FROM MEARS AND THE SEASIDE

should have a thorough Fall treatment. Most perfect work in the city.

Superior Hair-skilfully removed by Electrolysis. Manicuring and Chiro-pody. Vapor Baths. Students instructed. Don't miss the opportunity.

Phone—Main 3439.

**Madam Lytell, 335 Jarvis Street**



## Her Brother's Keeper

A Tale of the East

By ALICE FLEMING.



He could not raise his hand to kill. God sent her hand, to hold it. He could not work his maddened will. Because her will controlled it. She tamed the tiger, charmed the snake. And soothed the savage human. Then—cried, as if her heart would break. A tired little woman.

A SMALL woman in a badly-cut khaki habit rode slowly along a path which, although it was the main thoroughfare between two fairly large villages, was almost overgrown by tufts of tall jungle-grass. She was no longer young, and the bright coloring of hair and skin that was once hers had been dulled by nearly twenty years spent in India. The pitiless climate—kinder to her, however, than to many Englishwomen—had taken toll of her beauty without wrecking her health; for, though the face under the faded hair was very thin and yellow, the slight figure swayed easily in the saddle as erect and strong. Her Arab chose his own pace and she made no attempt to hasten his slow steps. The dusk bungalow where she intended to spend the night was but a mile away, and since her husband had been detained on his inspection tour, no one was waiting for her there.

A note telling her of the unexpected delay had reached her that morning, advising her to postpone her jungle trip until the following day; but Mrs. Addison had made her arrangements for departure, and a great weariness of her own whitewashed house had seized her. Her home letters had been disquieting lately; the boy at Woolwich had developed an unexpected delicacy of the lungs, and her youngest son, with a boy's indifference to the value of time, was playing at athletics instead of working for Sandhurst. There was nothing in the small dull station, nothing in the monotonous evenings passed so slowly in the dreary precincts of the "Amusement Club," to amuse or distract an anxious mind, and ten days in camp, even with a husband who was habitually overworked and frequently worried, appeared to her as a change that might bring rest and healing.

A familiar figure, running as swiftly as clumsy shoes would allow, emerged at a turn of the road; Guj Raj Singh, one of Mr. Addison's chaprassis and messengers, whose name being translated meant "Elephant King Lion."

"Stop, mem sahib," he panted, "there is a mad sahib in the bungalow who is shooting with a gun, and your honor must wait till he is caught."

"A mad sahib? Where has he come from?"

"The bungalow khamasahab has no news, Huzoor. The sahib arrived yesterday, very angry, without servants and with but three coolies bringing boxes. They told the khamasahab that they had found the sahib in the jungle alone, and he had beaten them with sticks and obliged them to carry his asbab. They saw no tents. Last night the sahib was full of anger for no reason, and to-day he is mad and has a gun."

"It must be some poor fellow with sunstroke," said Mary Addison to herself.

"He will soon be caught, however," said Guj Raj cheerfully, "many men from the village are there with heavy sticks. If the honored one will wait a little—"

"I am going on; follow me," said Mrs. Addison.

Three minutes' quick canter brought her in sight of the bungalow, a one-storied building of three rooms, opening upon a narrow verandah. A swelling, seething crowd of men armed with metal-bound staves swayed and shifted near, and a little rabble of women and children watched from a safe distance. As she drew rein, a reed blind that hung before the center door moved slightly, there was a puff of smoke, the sharp ping of a rifle, and a bullet found a harmless billet in a green turban, two inches above the wearer's head.

"Strike!" yelled the crowd. "Seize and strike!" and it seemed to the white woman that race hatred mingled with the fear and anger in their voices. No one had dared to approach the man behind the blind as yet; but when they did, the six-foot brass-bound lathies were terrible weapons, that could deal the death of a dog.

One of Mrs. Addison's own servants ran to her.

"The sahib is mad," he shouted; "go back!"

"Chooop," she answered, and the emphatic word seemed to enforce the silence it commanded. "Send these people away at once. Tell them to go quietly to their houses. The sahib is my brother."

She dismounted and walked to the reed blind as resolutely as though no possibility of death in a hideous form lurked behind it. The man was feelingly unknown to her, but the race feeling was strong in her heart. An Englishman in an alien land needed help, and she, as an Englishwoman, must save him from himself if necessary. She noticed how the smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

The man behind the blind was quite young, and very tall and strongly built; his face was strangely red, almost congested, and his fair hair was very dull and untidy. As she entered he instinctively raised his hand to his bare head as though to take off a hat, and the little gesture relieved her of the worst of her fears.

"How do you do?" she said pleasantly, and he shifted his rifle to take her proffered hand. "I'm Mrs. Addison. Perhaps you have met my husband out in the district; he has been prevented from meeting me here, but he will come tomorrow, I hope."

"I'll take care of you," he cried in a peculiarly high, hard voice. "I'll shoot some of those devils outside. You watch."

She took it from his unresisting hand, and, stepping outside, fired into the air. "There, I've missed that crowd, and I've hurt my shoulder dreadfully," she cried, laughing, as she leant the empty rifle against the verandah wall with a quick gesture to Guj Raj, and went back into the room. It needed a good deal of courage to go in the second time, though nothing in her manner betrayed the effort.

"I'm quite tired," she said, "and longing for tea, though I haven't had a long ride—only from Pultunpore. When did you come here?"

He bent over her, after elaborate precautions against being overheard, and whispered, "I have been in hell for ages and ages. This is hell—didn't you know?"

She took his hot dirty hand and laid her fingers on the wrist. "I am afraid you have fever," she said; "sit down here with your back to the light and tell me how you feel—you look as if you had been sleeping badly."

His rifle was still leaning against the wall. Why was Guj Raj so slow? "I can't remember when I slept last," he said, simply.

The rifle was gone now and she spoke more cheerfully. "You must let my husband prescribe for you to-morrow; he is not a doctor, but he is nearly as good as one."

"Is he of good family? I am of very ancient birth and high lineage; we can trace descent in a direct unbroken line from Guy, Earl of Warwick. You have heard, of course, of the Dun Cow, and the Dunmow Flitch?"

Mrs. Addison assented enthusiastically, and he went on:

"I could draw you up a genealogical tree in a moment, if I had pen and paper, that would make the whole matter clear to you."

"Please do. I shall be deeply interested."

The contents of a portmanteau seemed to have been emptied out on the table; he dug like a terrier among the confusion till he found a writing-case.

"This will be a truly beautiful family tree," he said.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Addison, locking his gun-case and pocketing the key. She hummed a waltz tune to cover the sound of her movements as she rummaged for her razors in an open bag. There were seven of them in a neat case. What other weapons was he likely to possess, she wondered, glancing at the absorbed figure. There was bound to be a revolver somewhere; she cautiously moved a rug and pillow that were flung slantwise on the bare bedstead, and found what she sought.

"What are you doing?" he asked suddenly and roughly.

"Only tidying the room a little," she answered, tossing an end of the blanket over the revolver. "You don't like it as tidy as this, I'm sure."

"No, I hate it; but these devils are not to come in and pry about, mind that."

"Of course they shan't. I'll do it myself."

"Let me help you," he said, an instinct of politeness coming pathetically to the surface of his seething mind.

"Oh, no; you must go on with the tree. I shan't understand about your family else."

He bent obediently over the table, and, hiding the revolver with the razors under the fold of her skirt, she went out quickly to lock up the dangers in her own box. Coming back, she stole away a heavy stick, and now there only remained the large hunting-knife that lay on the table near his hand.

"How is the tree getting on?" she asked, looking over his shoulder at a piece of paper that displayed pitiful scribbles in red and blue pencil, like the scribbles of a little child.

"It won't come right; my head hurts so all over the top."

She passed a cool hand over his burning brow and eyes, and at the same moment caught up the hunting-knife and hid it behind her.

"Yes, your forehead is dreadfully hot. Aren't you thirsty?"

"No; only in the top of my head."

"I'll tell them to get us some tea," she said.

This was her excuse for hiding the knife, and when she returned her feeling of relief was so great that she was almost light-headed. She had learnt from the gun-case that his name was Sydney Warwick, and that he belonged to an English regiment, but the problem of his presence there, and the mystery of his madness, were still unsolved by her. Had the insanity been caused by sunstroke, or excesses, or anxiety, or was it a hereditary curse? She had no means of judging.

After tea he talked a great deal, always in a high, hard voice, and it was difficult for her to tell in his fluent rambling sentences where sanity ceased and madness began. He was very boastful and argumentative, and a little disposed to be quarrelsome if she did not instantly agree with his wildest statements. It seemed to her that he talked as a fever patient thinks, with no power to fix the mind upon one subject, and with no possible connection of ideas between the topics. Two or three times he told her stories of the kind that no gentleman should tell to a lady; scum that floated on the whirling torrent of his poor mind, and she, understanding, smiled patiently.

It was useless to question him. She made one very ordinary enquiry as to his recent movements, and he glared angrily at her, growling, "I warn you not to go too far!" A moment later he unearthed a packet of letters from the confused mound on the table and insisted that she should read them. Most of them were from his mother—loving letters full of the details of a narrow life in a far-away cathedral city, and telling her little, save that the red-faced wild-looking man with the suffused eyes, who sat rocking his body restlessly to and fro, was a dearly loved and only son, the child of many prayers.

"Sydney," said Mrs. Addison, quietly, purposely using his Christian name, "I think your mother would wish you to see a doctor, if she were here."

The restless rocking ceased for a mo-

ment, and the fierce red face grew gentler.

"The poor old man worries awfully if there's the least thing wrong with me," he said.

"I know she does; so for her sake you ought to write to Dr. Bailey—he's the doctor at Pultunpore, only twelve miles from here—and ask him to ride out and see you to-morrow morning. I'm sure he would if you told him that going out in the sun would be too much for you."

"Very well; I daresay the mud would like it." And, taking a red pencil, he began his note on a sheet of foolscap.

"Had I better draw our coat-of-arms at the top?" he asked.

"No; I shouldn't wait for that. It's getting late, and we ought to send the letter without delay," said Mary Addison, who was writing a note to accompany the foolscap sheet.

"Is this all right?" he asked presently.

It was sadly right in that it faithfully showed the turmoil in his poor brain; and Mrs. Addison knew that the doctor who was to receive it would set all possible difficulties aside to come to his help—his help and hers. Meanwhile she was sure the madman's great need was sleep.

"I know what will be the best thing for you to do," she said; "after dinner let me give you some sulphonal. I often take it, and it will make you sleep well all night."

"I'm not going to swallow any of your poison!" he shouted.

"Sydney, you forget yourself; that is not the way to speak to me."

"I didn't mean to," he stammered; "but you can see for yourself the danger I am in. I dare not go to sleep; these black brutes will come and kill me if I do."

"When did you first begin to think that of them?"

"I don't know. Of course they are bound to kill me in the end—there are so many of them; but I won't let my life go cheap. Where's my rifle?"

"I took it away to clean it—you shall have it after dinner, if you like. Please sit down, Sydney; it makes me nervous to see you pacing up and down the room."

"I'm a restless sort of chap, I know," he said, meekly; "the mud is always telling me so."

"Try and keep still for ten minutes," said Mrs. Addison, laughing, as she went into the verandah to give orders for the despatch of the note. The servants were busy preparing dinner, and the crowd had dispersed long ago, in a calm belief that the mad sahib would prevent the mad sahib from doing any harm.

Guj Raj shuffled up to her, a light of unwonted intelligence on his honest stupid face, and a piece of rope in his hand.

"Since the sahib has neither guns nor knives now," he said eagerly, "four men by entering quickly could tie up his hands and feet without hurt."

"Go away, and try not to be a fool," said Mrs. Addison. "The sahib will eat dinner with me," she went on, turning to her table servant, "and the medicine in this paper, which looks like salt, must be put into the soup that you give to me—to me, you understand. If you forget to do this the sahib will certainly kill me, and then will probably kill some of you; so be careful not to forget."

Bring dinner quickly."

The table was laid in the third room of the bungalow, and made prettily with roses brought from Mrs. Addison's own garden in Pultunpore—a detail arranged by the khimtaghar as a matter of course.

"Now remember, Sydney," said Mrs. Addison, as she led him in, "you mustn't frighten my servants, they are very good men."

He looked suspiciously at his soup without tasting it.

"This isn't the same as yours," he said.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Mary Addison, making sure with the bowl of a spoon that the sulphonal was completely melted; "but we'll change plates if you like; I do not mind at all."

The transfer was made to his evident relief, and he drank the soup. During the whole dinner, the six courses insisted on by the khimtaghar as essential to the dignity of the ruling race, this exchange of plates was solemnly gone through.

"The poison they have prepared for me is not likely to injure you," he said each time, in a kind of pitiful apology.

After dinner he grew at first noisy and then deeply depressed—the effect of the sulphonal, she supposed, for the dose she had given him had been a strong one.

"I wish I dared go to sleep," he said.

"Why not? I'll watch and see that no one comes near you. I'm a very good nurse, and think nothing of sitting up all night," she answered, in a very matter-of-fact voice.

She persuaded him at last, after much argument, to lie down; and, wrapping herself in a fur cloak, sat near him till his babbling voice ceased and his regular breathing told of sleep. The night was cold, with the coldness of Northern Indian winter; but she had been afraid to have a fire lighted, lest the sight of it should suggest to his madness a new and horrible form of destruction. A lantern burning in a corner dimly lighted his disordered face, which had a touching air of youth and helplessness. At first he slept uneasily, and she unlaced and took off his heavy boots, and loosened his coat at the throat, with gentle motherly fingers. He looked up, indistinctly murmuring a sentence that ended in a coarse word; but she whispered "Hush! Sydney, don't talk!" and he nestled down on his pillow like a tired child, saying, "I'm so sleepy."

Mrs. Addison did not care to read, and the young face on the pillow, seeming in that dim light far younger than it really was, carried her thoughts back to the days when her sons had been children within the reach of her love; before the inevitable separation of Indian life had done its cruel work. Her babies—her little boys—were now her big sons, and divided from her by more than mere thousands of miles of land and sea. Her face, her ways, her very love for them had grown unfamiliar to them, and they had received her with more criticism than tenderness when she came back from home. And yet her heart yearned over all three—Roger, the Woolwich cadet, Ted, at Haileybury; and little Dick, her baby of a few years ago, who now loved his aunt so dearly and cared for his mother so little. Would they ever seem like her own again, or had her love and pain been wasted, thwarted and set at naught by the dividing power of distance and time?

The sleeping boy—she no longer thought of him as a man—moaned and stirred, she smoothed his hair, murmuring, "Hush, dear, hush. It's all right, I'm here. Go to sleep again," in a voice that had power to soothe him, because it was a mother's. Presently his breathing was echoed by a slow snore from the verandah, and she looked out. It was Guj Raj, the unappreciated, who had brought his blanket, unasked, and lay stretched across the doorway. Mary Addison had not thought of taking the precaution of keeping a servant within call, and the unexpected thoughtfulness touched her.

A sudden exaltation of spirit came to her through the night stillness, bracing her tired body for fresh exertions. There was no wrecked or wasted feeling; the night of her love, which could make no manifestation to her own sons, was being utilized to help another woman's son, the unfortunate boy she had found distracted and alone. She had been able to prevent him from committing sheer murder, and it might yet be within her power to save the overthrow of a tottering reason. Her plain, weary face seemed transfigured by an illuminating purpose as she performed the homely act of lighting a spirit lamp and heating some milk, for she knew that he might wake soon.

He woke presently, with a cry, his eyes full of wild terror, and he struck at her when she tried to reassure him. For weeks after her breast showed the black marks of his blows, and at the moment acute physical pain turned her faint and sick; then the weakness passed and he was a child again, a big unhappy child, to be coaxed and comforted. Slowly, very slowly, his dark mood changed, he forgot the horror of his dream, was interested in the hot milk given him to drink, and made drowsy by her steady flow of talk in a gentle monotonous voice.

"I like to hear your voice, it keeps dreadful things at bay," he said, and as she sat near him dipping handkerchiefs in water to cool his hot forehead, she found herself singing the hymn that had been her children's lullaby, and repeating again and again what little Dick called "the comfy verse":

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—  
No powers of darkness me molest.

How long the dawn was in coming; each time that she looked towards the door she saw the same hopeless darkness. She could have prayed at last for a gleam of the sunrise that should usher in a better day. Surely he was sleeping more peacefully, and his forehead seemed cooler. Was the victory not to be with the powers of darkness after all?

Very slowly a gray light glimmered behind the reed blind, and the crows began to wake. Warwick was still sleeping, and as the light grew stronger she arranged a shawl on a chair to shield his eyes.

Presently there was a sound of arrival outside, and an English voice asking for the mad sahib, and she hurried out to meet the doctor.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Addison? How have you managed?" he asked quickly. "You must have had an awful night. I only got your letter at dawn, and came at once. What have you done with him, where is he? That was the letter of an absolute madman."

"He is asleep still," said Mary Addison, quietly, "he has slept a great part of the night," and she briefly described what had happened. Her face looked very gray and small in the dawn light.

"Have some chota hazari and then lie down and get a sleep," said the kind little man, whose full title was Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, but who refused to answer to anything longer, or more statelike than "Doctor." "You've done wonders, and I'll look after him now. I've got a couple of Tommies coming in case he needs a guard, as he hates natives, but I hope they won't be wanted."

"Let me come and tell him who you are—you might startle him."

"Drink your tea and lie down, while I look after my patient," and then she realized for the first time how tired she was.

Three hours later she was arranging the roses on the breakfast table, a little weary-eyed, but fresh and alert again, and listening eagerly for voices from the next room.

"Ah, rested? That's right," said Dr. Bailey, entering briskly. "Warwick will be here in a minute, and after breakfast he is coming back with me."

Mary Addison's eyes asked a question that her tongue hesitated to phrase.

"Yes, I think one may hope he will be himself again before long; but he may call it either good luck, or God's mercy, according to his turn of mind, that you came when you did. He's an excitable fellow, and he's got into money troubles. I gather—and I don't mind telling you, his reason was simply hanging in the balance yesterday. He was insane to all intents and purposes, and if it had come to a struggle, if one of these natives had tried to overpower him, he would have gone mad; raging, raving mad."

"Oh, poor boy; will he really recover?"

"I hope so, in time and with care; that sleep he got last night was the best thing possible." He laughed suddenly.

"It's funny to look at the size of your hands, Mrs. Addison, and think that you have prevented a man from committing two or three murders!"

"He was quite gentle with me."

"Yes, I know that sort of gentleness, and the watching and managing it needs; and you're a plucky woman, a very plucky woman."

"No I'm not, not a bit," said Mary Addison; "but it might have been one of my own boys ill and in trouble, with no one to look after him. Fancy if Roger, or Ted, or my little Dick—"

Her voice broke and she hid her face.

"There's nothing to cry for now," said the doctor.

"That's why I let myself do it," said Mary Addison, through her tears. "Longman's Magazine."

A Prosperous College.

The British American Business College has issued its fall calendar, which appears in very attractive form. The booklet contains all information necessary for the guidance of those who propose to fit themselves for a business career by a course under competent instructors, and is handsomely illustrated with portraits of the directorate and staff of the college, as well as views of the interiors of the various class-rooms. From the results obtained, as shown by numerous testimonials as to the competence of its graduates, the British American would seem to be among the best equipped of all Canadian business colleges.

## On Giving and Taking Advice.

IT is wonderful how often analysis proves our intuitive likes and dislikes to be correct. Now I have always disliked philanthropists and altruists without knowing why, and yet the reason is one that should be instantly obvious to any thoughtful man. The trouble is that they lack subtlety, and that there is no excuse for their "I am holier than thou" attitude. Their altruism is all back end foremost, and that is why so many of them are regarded by a large section of the public as men who have not learned the difficult art of minding their own business. Instead of elevating those to whom they devote their attention, they make them feel mean and worthless, or else fill them with unholly wrath. Feeling that this was wrong, I investigated carefully and made the startling discovery that the true altruist helps his superiors rather than his inferiors.

Having a large and assorted collection of friends and acquaintances, I studied my relations with them, and found that when I felt called upon to advise a struggling brother, and elevate him to my own high moral and intellectual plane, I always felt personally uplifted and more inclined to reverence myself as a man, as Goldsmith so wisely advises.

On the other hand, when circumstances made me realize that I was only a "poor weak sister," and my superiors came to comfort me after the manner of Eliphaz the Temanite, and Elihu the son of Baruch the Buzite, of the kindred of Rani, whose name was no worse than he deserved, I noticed that they immediately began to swell out their chests and to feel better. Having observed this, it was not long until I discovered the great truth I am now doing my utmost to apply in conduct. I found that I could get as fine a philanthropic glow from permitting myself to be advised, and watching the beneficial effect on my adviser, as ever I did from giving advice myself. Of course I found it hard at first to give up the luxury of advising my inferiors, and still harder to submit to being constantly advised, but the subtlety of the scheme appeals to my artistic sense, and I look forward confidently to a time when I can meekly submit to having my finer feelings clawed over by such of my superior friends as I wish to help, and get all the strength I need myself from the consciousness of good work well and secretly done. Indeed I have accomplished enough in this line already to spur me on to greater achievements. One superior friend, to whom I have often listened meekly when he felt that I needed moral homilies, already feels so uplifted that he is about to take orders; another who devoted himself to my financial affairs is looking forward to a successful career in Wall street; and a third who has favored me with exhaustive literary criticisms has secured such a grasp on his art, and such confidence in himself, that he has already broken ground for what is to be The Great American Novel. If these men succeed, just think what a source of secret joy it will be to me to know that I am the cause of it all, and if they fail and I shall at least have revenge for all they have made me endure.

As for my inferiors, I by no means neglect them, as a hasty consideration of my scheme might lead the reader to suppose. No, indeed, I am gradually getting them all to consider themselves my superiors, an easy thing to do, by the way, and many of them are now uplifting themselves by lavishing advice on me.

Besides my inferiors and rapidly growing list of superiors, I have a few friends who are so comfortably self-centered that I have been able to discuss my altruistic scheme with them, and they seem to fear that I shall get into trouble. They hold that unless I take the advice that is tendered, I shall offend and discourage my beneficiaries, while if I take one-tenth of it I shall land in a sanitarium, and have trustees appointed to administer my liabilities. That shows their lack of insight. The man that has once contracted the advice habit simply advises for the self confidence and pleasure it gives him, and goes forth and struts it away forgets what he advised. Knowing this, I feel privileged to do the same. Of course that is probably what I would do in any case, but it is a great satisfaction to feel that I have a philosophical reason for doing it.

Having explained briefly the scope and effects of my altruistic methods, I would like in conclusion to offer some advice to such readers as feel tempted to give them a trial; but to do so would imply that I consider them inferiors, and for that reason I must refrain, if any readers, however, feel moved to advise me as to how I might improve and amplify my scheme I shall be meekly delighted, and I feel that I may depend upon the courteous editor to forward their letters.—From the "Contributors' Club."

Paddy's Letter.

Those fond of Irish bulls may find some amusement in the following letter, which was written by an amorous swain of the Emerald Isle to his lady fair.

"My Darlin' Peggy—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's

Don't Try Pressure.

Trust to Intelligence.

You cannot by process of law prevent anyone from dragging themselves to death. We must meet the evil by appeal to the intelligence.

One of the drugs that does the most harm to Americans, because of its widespread use and its apparent innocence, is Coffee. Ask any regular coffee drinker if he or she is perfectly well. At least one-half are not. Only those with extra vigor can keep well against the daily attack of caffeine (in the coffee). The heart and pulse gradually lose strength; dyspepsia, kidney troubles and nervous diseases of some sort set in and the clearly marked effects of coffee poisoning are shown. These are facts, and worth anyone's thought. The reasonable and sensible thing is to leave it off and shift to Postum Food Coffee. The poison that has been secretly killing is thus withdrawn and a powerful rebuilding agent put to work. The good effects will begin to show inside of 10 days. If health and comfort are worth anything to you, try it.

Never Again.

I'm very sad at heart, Marie—Oh, listen to my wail! This winter we can't live, ah, me! On ortolan and quail."

And this is all because last spring, Within a daisy dell, When all the birds were on the wing, I opened a hotel.

When spring comes up the vale once more, And all the rosebuds swell, You bet I'll open, on mount or shore, No ozone-bound hotel.

"You say you couldn't drink the coffee at the hotel. I suppose you threw it away." "No; I used it in my mountain pen."—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Brewed From the Finest Malt and Hops Only

Not carbonated and fully matured in wood and bottle. Avoid biliousness by drinking our pure and wholesome ales.

Sold by all Dealers

Toronto Brewing Co.

ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH PASTE

A Well Known Dentifrice Sold in Canada Since 1854

The young man or woman who would succeed in this busy business age must possess himself or herself of a

Sound Business Training such as is received here—expert teachers—thorough methods.

British American Business College Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto, Ont. David Hoskins, C.A., Principal.



**SYMINGTON'S**  
EDINBURGH  
**COFFEE ESSENCE**  
Takes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles from all grocers.  
GUARANTEED PURE. 100

### Curtains Cleaned

Our large experience and complete equipment enable us to do the best work in this line.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto

811 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.  
Phone: North 2011, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 10.

### ONTARIO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY

21 NORTH STREET  
Consultation and examination free. Every facility for the treatment of diseases without the use of drugs. We make a specialty of chronic cases. Experienced lady assistant. Testimonials and literature upon application by mail or in person.

### ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's**  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of  
*Dr. Wood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S**  
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
GENTLENESS MUST BE SIGNATURE.  
Purely Vegetable, *Dr. Wood*  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

### Stylish Women

realize that a trim-cad foot sets off the toilet, that is why so many wear  
**BLANCHFORD**  
The "Hagar"  
SOLD BY  
**H. & C. BLANCHFORD, 114 Yonge St.**

### O'Keefe's Special

Turn It  
Upside  
Down  
—DRINK IT ALL  
—NO DRESS  
—NOT CARBONATED  
The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.  
A single trial will convince.  
To be had at all hotels and dealers.

**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited

### FOR RENT

A large business office on ground floor, and two small offices on first floor of Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West. . . . Terms moderate. . . . Apply on premises. . . .

### Curious Bits of News.

The lack of British women in South Africa is one of the most serious facts with which English statesmen have to grapple. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" reckons that three thousand British women are needed a year to meet the emergency, and this is a total which it should not be difficult to find in England, where they have a very large excess of women.

The earnestness with which the problem of mechanical flight is being attacked is attested by the elaborate equipment of the "laboratory of aerodynamics" recently erected at the Catholic University of America. Among the apparatus is a wooden tunnel fifty feet long with a cross-section of six square feet, in which a wind of any desired speed can be generated by means of a suction-fan placed at one end of the tunnel. In the wind-current thus developed are placed objects of a great variety of kinds and shapes, whose resistances, lift, drift, surface friction, etc., are to be determined.

"In view of the recent campaigns in this country for the extermination of mosquitoes, the proposition of a German scientist for ridding localities of this pest is extremely interesting," says the "American Inventor." "The professor in question argues that protection from animal and insect depredations is frequently secured by the erection of scarecrows. He further states that insects as mosquitoes are the prey of dragon-flies, and that as the mosquito avoids this insect as much as possible, the bodies of dead dragon-flies strung upon wires in mosquito-infested localities should succeed in scaring the mosquitoes away."

A curious feature of the Transvaal war has been the discovery of jam by the British soldier. To judge from Mr. Brodick's printed reply to a question in the House of Commons, jam has leaped from the rank of a household delicacy to the position of a military necessity. The position of a campaign can hardly be conducted to success; 34,582,762 pounds of jam were consumed during the war by the army, most of it manufactured in England, the rest of it in the colonies. It is computed that in the year 1900 alone, thirty train-loads of jam, at 300 tons to a load, were sent to the front; and that the army consumed more than half its own weight of jam in that time.

A correspondent of the London "Spectator" is responsible for a remarkable story. He says he was driving with his wife in a victoria, near Canterbury, one afternoon in October, and about three o'clock the rays of the sun struck the circular glasses of the carriage lamps and simultaneously lighted the candles in both lamps. The carriage was being driven through a pine wood at the time and the horse was walking slowly up hill. If the story were not given as a serious statement of fact by so reliable a periodical, one might be constrained to ask what kind of a sun it was which shone on both sides of a carriage at once, and if the Munchausen baronial arms were on the panels.



NOT since the days of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," which may be said to have marked an epoch in the career of the sensational novel of the better class, has such a combination of love, hate, intrigue, and war escapade appeared as is found in the new story by George Barr McCutcheon, "Castle Craneyow" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen), the book in question, is perhaps not destined to attain to the popularity of the novels of Anthony Hope, but the same abnormal recklessness and dash which were the chief stock-in-trade of Hope's heroes will recommend Mr. McCutcheon's book to lovers of this class of literature.

The hero's name is Philip Quentin. The Christian name "Philip" is no doubt chosen so that he may be doubted familiarly as "Phil," which is supposed to add a dash of the "don't care" spirit to the character. Phil is an "American" young man of the most advanced type. He, of course, has money to burn, and, having nothing else in particular to do, is looking for a fire. He has picked up as a servant an ex-burglar, an extraordinarily sharp little man, who bobs up at opportune moments and is used to relieve the tension of many very critical situations. The hero is, of course, on terms of perfect intimacy with many lords, dukes, counts, etc., in proof of which one Lord Saxondale is represented as inviting him, in the following unconventional style, to visit him in England: "Phil, come home with us. We're sailing on the 'Lucania' to-morrow, and there are going to be some doings in England this month, which you mustn't miss."

### Preacher's Children

Same as Others.  
The wife of a prominent divine tried the food cure with her little daughter. She says: "I feel sure that our experience with Grape-Nuts food would be useful to many mothers. Our little daughter, eight years old, was subject to bowel trouble, which we did not then understand and which the doctor's prescriptions failed to cure."  
"We had been using different cereals for breakfast, and finally, becoming discouraged, I said: 'I will try an experiment. I will discard all other cereals and use only Grape-Nuts for breakfast.' The three children all like it better than anything else, and are so fond of it that I hardly let them have all they want. In a short time I could see an improvement in the bowel trouble."

"We began using Grape-Nuts five months ago, and now not only has the bowel trouble disappeared but the child has grown so plump and well—in fact, was never so fleshy before—that all our friends notice and remark about it. We think we have an ideal breakfast which consists of whole wheat bread with butter, Postum Cereal Coffee and Grape-Nuts. This is all we care for, and I think it would be hard to find many families so invariably healthy as ours." Name given by the Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.



Smith (who has been "nerving him-self up" for the event)—Great Caesar's ghost! how many of 'em (hie) are boys!—New York "Life."

miss. Dickey Savage is coming and we want you."

The prospect of sailing for another continent on a day's notice has no terrors for Phil Quentin, and he walks up the gang-plank of the "Lucania" the following day with as little concern as if he were taking the boat for Coney Island.

The foregoing is simply to illustrate the free-and-easy sort of character the hero is. The type is one very largely cultivated by the modern novelist. The sense of responsibility so conspicuously absent, and the consequent liability to do all sorts of erratic things, make a field of inviting richness for the storyteller, and at the same time add a fascination to the character which appeals to many readers. Quentin, on his arrival in London, meets a former sweetheart, Miss Dorothy Garrison, a young New York girl whose extraordinary charms and ample fortune have created considerable of a panic in the European matrimonial market. She is engaged to be married shortly to an Italian count, but, notwithstanding this fact, Quentin pays her a great deal of attention, and, finding the old weakness for her will not down, he announces his intention of marrying her himself. His attention is naturally met with the opposition of the girl's mother, but, in spite of this, he follows her to Brussels, where her marriage to the count is to take place within six weeks. The count, as can be imagined, is hardly satisfied with an arrangement of this kind, and his agents and private detectives shadow every move of the "American." In spite of everything, Quentin succeeds in having many a tete-a-tete with Miss Garrison, and satisfies himself that he has regained his old place in her heart. Meanwhile, however, time has been moving right along in the same old way, and, although Quentin's efforts have not been altogether in vain, the count has not been idle, and the eve of the wedding day finds everything in readiness for the ceremony, with the prospects of the hero anything but bright.

Up to this point the author has succeeded in producing a very readable narrative. The account of the hero's exploits contains nothing that an aggressive young "American"—a citizen of the country which, if its own claims are to be accepted, is so far in advance of the rest of the world—might not be supposed to do. But the subsequent pages are so flagrant an invasion of the realm of the improbable—not to say the impossible—that interest in the story flags woefully. While up to this point we might be willing to admit that, given half a chance, your true New Yorker is more than a match for all comers in almost any sort of a game, still we submit that even a New Yorker in the position of the hero on that fateful wedding time would conclude that he was finally "up against it," and be inclined to throw up the sponge.

The ceremony has been arranged for evening, and the bride, leaning on the arm of her uncle and, of course, looking exquisitely beautiful as she steps lightly down the steps of her palatial residence, is ushered into the cab which is to convey her to the church, where a large crowd of notables are already assembled. She fails to notice in the semi-darkness that the carriage is in charge of certain ill-favored individuals, whose appearance would proclaim them to be brigands. Her own servants have been overpowered, and she is whisked away to a remote corner of the kingdom and lodged in a fortress—Castle Craneyow. Here, on being induced by the English maid who attends her to join her captors at luncheon and forego her determination to starve, she finds herself face to face with a party of English ladies and gentlemen, among whom is her lover, Phil Quentin. She is naturally somewhat irritated on learning that they have all aided in her abduction, but, under the daily ministrations of her determined suitor, her hostility finally collapses, and she declares for him alone. For the count, who has meanwhile been proven to be a bold, bad man, it is indeed a case of "good-bye, John."

Thus does "America" triumph. As one of the characters of the book truly remarks, "America for the Americans, Brussels for the Americans, England for the Americans, nothing at all for these confounded foreigners. Let the Italian marry anybody he pleases just so long as he doesn't interfere with an American. Let the American marry anybody he pleases, and to perdition with all interference. I'm for America against the world: love or war."

### Proper Dress For a Groom.

One of the largest ready-made clothing houses in the city received not long ago from a remote place a letter, the substance of which was, "What is the proper dress for a groom in the afternoon?" The clerk who opened the mail, naturally enough, referred the enquiry to the lively department. The head of that branch in turn dictated a brief reply, something like this: "Bottle-green coat, fawn-colored trousers with top boots, silk hat with cockade. We can make prices as follows, et cetera." A week

elapsed, and the big store received a plaintive little note: "I always knew it was expensive to get married; but can't you suggest something a little less elaborate?"

**STOPS THE COUGH  
AND WORKS OFF THE COLIC.**  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

### The Price.

Haggard and stained and pallid,  
The grace of her beauty fled,  
Here, at the last forgotten,  
She lies in her hovel, dead!

Scarred with the stress of passion,  
A wreck of the fevered days,  
She who had trod so lightly  
The careless, rose-strewn ways—

She who had burned with longing  
Thro' seasons fed with flame,  
She who had loved so many,  
Thro' brief each term of shame;

Here by the world deserted,  
Where gloom and death steal in,  
Unloved and alone, in silence,  
She pays the wage of sin;

Pays it thro' lips of anguish  
That show one burning stain,  
Clasping an empty vial  
That held the last, quick pain.

And the garnered fruit of sinning  
That the term of years shall yield  
Is the dust of a nameless woman  
Who sleeps in the Potter's Field!

—Frank E. Evans.

### The Floating Hells of the Atlantic.

IF the sensational charges made in a book recently published in London ("At the Closed Door," by Robert H. Sherrard) have any foundation, there are indescribably hellish scenes enacted in the strange cabins of many of the Atlantic liners. The book is reviewed and some extracts given in "Truth." In order to spy out the nakedness of the land, Mr. Sherrard took steamer passage in a French liner to find the ship a floating hell to those who were too poor to bribe the stewards:

"One of the most cruel weapons used by the steerage stewards to bring to reason persons who were unreasonable as to paying the fee they were ordered not to pay, was the privation of drinking water. The women and little children suffered dreadfully for want of it during the throes of sea-sickness. Yet water there was in plenty. On the night of the 14th a body of women, with children in their arms, went aft, surrounded the padlocked cistern, and clamored for water. They were driven off with abuse and violence."

Hence water for washing was, of course, unobtainable—it was wanted; but such was the indescribable, inconceivable filth of many of Mr. Sherrard's fellow-passengers that they would not have washed at Elisha's bidding in Jordan itself. "Of all animals in creation," he says, speaking from the depths of this poignant experience, "man, when he is dirty, is the very dirtiest." But the unwashed Jews found their way to the front of this crowd and crush with their usual sinuous and pushing perseverance:

"The timid and diffident went to the wall; the others, and amongst these the Jews, were noticeably prominent, encroached, and widely extended their privileges. There were three hideous little Jewish boys, whom I saw during the whole of the voyage, laden with delicacies from first-class kitchens. I often noticed them walking about on the first-class deck."

The sufferings of this "middle passage," however, were as nothing to the sufferings which, according to Mr. Sherrard, the penniless emigrants had to endure on Ellis Island, where they are detained by the New York authorities for weeks and even months (together, before being packed back, as destitutes, to Europe. "From Havre onwards we had been treated much as sheep, or, perhaps, as pigs; but on landing we might consider ourselves dangerous and malignant animals." In truth, men, women and children were budgeted—their jailers were all armed with bludgeons—on little or no provocation. Here is one specimen scene:

"At five o'clock we were ordered upstairs for supper. A man with filthy hands filled our hats or handkerchiefs with mouldy prunes. Another thrust two lumps of bread into our hands. Supervising the distribution was a foul-mouthed Bovey rough in his shirt-sleeves, who danced upon one of the tables and poured forth upon us torrents of obscene and blasphemous abuse. Nor did he content himself with this demonstration of the contempt in which he held us, for I saw him drag one old man, a long-bearded Polish Jew in a gaberdine, past the barrel of prunes by the hair of the face, and I saw him kick another emigrant, a German, on the head with his heavy boot."

Perhaps it may be said that these penniless people had no business to give the States Government the trouble of re-shipping them to their homes. But, in the first place, many of the telegrams entrusted to the jailers for forwarding to well-to-do relatives in New York were buried, and the money—often a gross

Just taste it--that's all you need to do. Take a taste of **LUDELLA Ceylon Tea** and you'll be captivated.

**Skill**  
in making footwear is just as necessary as in any other line of business. Good points in construction and finish stick out on our new fall goods, making them strictly up-to-the-minute in every respect.  
The "Blucher" a Favorite  
Men's English Enamel Calf Lace, Blucher cut, newest shape, large eyelets, widths B.C.D., sizes 5 1/2 to 11, at... \$5.00  
And a Box Calf "Blucher," on the same last, with brown stitching. American make, at... \$5.00

**The St. Leger Shoe Co.**  
4 STORES { 110 and 216 YONGE STREET, 92 and 482 QUEEN ST. WEST } TORONTO  
Sole Toronto Agents for the famous Hagan shoe for Ladies and Gentlemen

overcharge—pocketed; and, in the second place, these hapless wretches on this Devil's Island were lured to New York by an unscrupulous emigration agent: "In the many conversations I had that afternoon with various people of various nationalities, in almost every instance I heard the blame for all suffering laid on the agent who had sold the steamship ticket without troubling to explain the American emigration laws. Surely it would save the United States Government much expense, and such wretches unimaginable misery, if the consuls at European ports were instructed to advertise the immigration laws in every necessary language and place."

### From Muskoka to Toronto and Buffalo.

Again the Grand Trunk gives evidence of its progressive policy, and shows marked care of the comfort of its patrons. This time it is the dining-car service between Muskoka Wharf and Toronto. Commencing Tuesday, August 19, a dining car will be operated on the southbound Muskoka Express, leaving Muskoka Wharf at 12:50 p.m., and running through to Niagara Falls, leaving Toronto on the "International Limited" at 4:50 p.m. This will be in addition to the cafe parlor car now running from Muskoka Wharf to Buffalo. The dining car has been found necessary owing to the heavy tourist traffic from the northern resorts and the increased patronage given this branch of the service. Passengers from Muskoka Lake points, on arrival of the steamer at Muskoka Wharf, will find dining car prepared to serve meals.

### John D. Rockefeller.

A PROMINENT member of Wall street, the Standard Oil Company, and the Baptist Church.

This gentleman's life, from his boyhood, has been one long struggle against abject riches. At the time of his birth, the earth was owned by an aggregation of individuals scattered over various portions thereof. Since then all has been changed. But Mr. Rockefeller, with characteristic generosity, has consented to share it with Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Schwab, Russell Sage, and a few other parties of the first part who have the same disease that he has.

Mr. Rockefeller has always been noted for his Biblical leanings. He started out in life with the following motto, adapted for his own use:

"Let your light so shine before men, at twenty cents a gallon, that they may see your good works and glorify the continually increasing dividends."

In other words, he does not believe in hiding one's light under a bushel, but thinks it should be put on a barrel.

Beginning in life as a poor boy, owning at that time only the city of Cleveland, he started to Chicago, and, having seen that Professor Triggs was furnished with a solid brass phonograph, he left that city where it was, for which it has ever since been duly grateful, and came on to New York, where he created the now

**Cosgrave**  
SIGNIFIES  
SUPERB ALF  
INVIGORATING PORTER  
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF  
**COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.**  
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO  
And of all License Holders  
Telephone Park 140

**A New Book**  
**A Speckled Bird**  
By Augusta J. Evans Wilson.

**A Speckled Bird**  
By Author of  
"St. Elmo,"  
"Infelice,"  
"Vashti,"  
"At the Mercy of  
Tiberius,"  
etc.

**A Speckled Bird**  
The First Novel  
From This Celebrated  
Writer  
for 16 Years...  
For Sale at all Bookstores, Cloth only, \$1.25.

Canadian Agents for the Publications  
of Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, Eng.  
**The Copp, Clark Co.**  
LIMITED  
Publishers Toronto

famous part of "Foxy Grandpa." Since then he has been living a quiet, frugal life, surrounded only by his friends and family and hair-restorer men, and by exercising the utmost care, has been able to save up enough to live comfortably. He has not only made hay while the sun shone, but while the oil lamps held out to burn. His favorite occupations are: Cutting coupons by electricity, not doing any harm by giving away money, and holding his own.





# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, ..... } Main 1709  
{ Editorial Rooms, ..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2 00  
Six Months..... 1 00  
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 15. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902. NO. 43.

## YOU WILL WISH TO READ IT.

A new and unusually entertaining continued story, "Sir Asley's Wife," by that favorite and well-known writer, Florence Warden, will be commenced in "Saturday Night" next week. "Sir Asley's Wife" is one of the best stories this paper has ever published.

## OUTDOOR PASTIMES

THE premier attraction among the many diversions provided for Labor Day was the lacrosse game at the Island. When, in addition to the crowd that actually witnessed the game, one considered the throng that got as far as the Island and saw nothing, and still further took into account the many who got no further than the foot of Yonge street, it was with amazement that one learned that there were actually some who attended the opening of Canada's Great Industrial Exhibition. One was still further perplexed on learning that others, evidently caring for none of these things, spent the day quietly at home. It was pretty generally understood that the Toronto-Shamrock game would attract a record-breaking crowd, and it was a matter of surprise that the arrangements made by those in charge of the transportation should be so miserably inadequate. Had the fleet-footed exponents of the national game who scored with such remarkable rapidity been among the would-be spectators who pushed, scrambled and fought to get through the gates at the Ferry Company's docks, their ability to find the net after lightning-like passes would hardly have been so marked.

The game itself was such a skilful alternation of successes for the opposing twelve as to keep the interest of the huge crowd up to the boiling point throughout. It simply resolved itself to a question of form, and the Irishmen, enduring to the end, were able to demonstrate that in lacrosse circles at least they are the elect.

On Saturday last the Capitals established their right to be considered as still in the race for the pennant. It was a hard game, in which Cornwall, on their own grounds, proved a pretty tough proposition, but the Ottawa men were taking no chances, and pulled out a victory by a single goal. On the same day the Shamrocks still further entrenched themselves by whitewashing Montreal in a game said to be quite as one-sided as the score of 12 to 0 would indicate. It is now figured that the Capitals should win both their home games—with Toronto and Shamrocks. The Irishmen, on the other hand, should hardly fail to vanquish the Nationals, and are also counted on to win their tie game with Cornwall in Montreal on the 20th of the month. Thus the Capitals and Shamrocks will be tied, each with 8 wins and 2 losses. The deciding game will close one of the most fascinating series that the big league has offered for many years.

In speculating as to the outcome of the final game in the senior C. L. A. between the winners of Districts No. 1 and No. 2, it looks as if Brantford could hardly escape the pennant. Their great victory over St. Catharines last Saturday of 7 goals to 1, is said to have been a fair indication of the play. Woodstock, on the other hand, in being beaten on their own grounds by Seaford, a team of only intermediate standing, can hardly hope to put up much of an argument against the wonderful home of the Telephone twelve.

The match between the Toronto Cricket Club and the Rosedale eleven last Saturday decided the city championship. The game was a good one, in which Forrester, for Rosedale, scored 23, Millican 27, and Hardisty and Beatty 10 each. For the Toronto players, Lounsbrough tallied 25, J. Wright 16, W. Wright 12, and Mackenzie 11. Rosedale went down for 98 runs, and Toronto, scoring 110, captured the championship of the city.

Labor Day games were remarkable for some big scores in which strong individual batting was a feature. St. Simon's and Toronto met on the Varsity lawn, and the latter scored no less than 223 runs. J. M. Lang batted in great form, piling up 126 not out. For St. Simon's F. C. Evans also did some remarkable batting, going out with 48 to his credit. St. Simon's only managed to total 169, leaving Toronto winners by 54 runs.

On the Rosedale grounds the home team vanquished Parkdale by a score of 120 to 60. The top score was made by Livingstone, who batted 53 not out, while W. H. Cooper with 38, and Beatty, 23, contributed their share to Rosedale's success.

The bowlers, doubtless from a surfeit of other attractions, contributed very little to the sports of the holiday only two games of importance being recorded. On the greens of the Canada Club six rinks of the Granites played a friendly game, which resulted in a win for the visitors by 23 shots. The Caer-Howells and the Victorias also played a four-rink game on the latter's lawns, the Caer-Howell

## TORONTO'S DISTINGUISHED GUESTS THIS WEEK.



The Earl of Londonderry, reliever of Ladysmith.



Rt. Hon. Sir Edmund Barton, Premier of Australia.

winning by a score of 96 to 82. The Victorias won from the Thistles on Saturday by 30 shots.

Fine weather contributed in no small degree towards the success of the international tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and save for a shower on the holiday, the play was uninterrupted throughout. The games in which the greatest interest was taken were the finals of the ladies' open singles and the men's open singles. Miss Closterman, of Cincinnati, contested the former event with Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, the latter by her aggressive play winning in two straight sets. The men's single resolved itself down to a game between Beals C. Wright of Boston, who won the Canadian championship in July, and Harold Hackett, of the New York Athletic Club. Wright again pulled out a victory, and by the default of R. D. Little comes into possession of the cup, which carries with it the title of international champion.

The defeat of Lou Scholes in the championship singles of the Middle States Regatta on the Harlem River last Monday by a comparatively obscure oarsman, is perhaps no proof of the Toronto man's having gone back, but it certainly is an argument against attempting championship feats when out of condition. In proper form the Toronto man would no doubt find Vessely, his conqueror, a comparatively easy mark, but faithful training works wonders in the athletic field, and in this case, as in many others, it no doubt accounts for the success of one who is possibly only a second-rater.

## The Drama.

"WHEN Knighthood Was in Flower," that so-called "historical" romance of Charles Major's, that resembles nothing so much as a plate of hot mush without salt, is at least one hundred per cent. better as a play than as a novel. Indeed, it makes a decidedly vivacious and pretty drama, and the beholder who has read and been disappointed in the frightfully overrated novel comes away from the performance at the theater with a kinder feeling for Mr. Major and his characters. Rearrangement and condensation of the scenes and situations have done much to impart "go" to the story. Mr. Paul Kester, the dramatist, has done his work of cutting and patching with discrimination and skill. Of course he has not supplied an atmosphere of historical truth, in which the original is so markedly deficient. The play, like the novel, is full of anachronism. Its tone is distinctly modern. The idiom employed by the speakers is that of the nineteenth rather than the sixteenth century. It is impossible to believe that the characters approximate any more closely to historical truth than do the incidents. Yet the play is refreshing and entertaining if it is not instructive. From Miss Julia Marlowe, who first appeared in the role of Mary Tudor, to Miss Effie Ellsler, who interpreted it to Toronto audiences this week, it is perhaps a far call. But not having seen Miss Marlowe, the majority found Miss Ellsler entirely satisfactory, even if the same could not be said for her support.

Edith Helena, who calls herself "the Southern Mocking Bird," and who heads the bill at Shea's this week, has a wonderfully clear and phenomenally high voice. "The Last Rose of Summer," as rendered by this charming vocalist, was an admirable effort, beautifully sung and sweetly acted. The voice lacks depth in the middle register, but the exceptional quality of the higher tones compensates for other inefficiencies. For an encore Miss Helena gave a clever imitation of the violin in the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The sketch, "A Night in the Fool House," was scarcely up to the standard of this portion of the programme usually furnished. Although individually the Four Huntings possess considerable ability, the combination has rather a nauseous effect on one. Ed Reynard, the ventriloquist, gives pretty much the same show as he did last season, with the exception, perhaps, that the jokes have been revived from the season before that. He is, however,

an expert, and has thoroughly mastered his profession. Mark Sullivan gave a clever monologue, and fully deserved the sounding applause he received. Hickey and Nelson have been here before, and their act is precisely the same as formerly. A very original and funny musical act is that of O'Brien and Buckley. Hayes and Suites are a clever song and dance duo. This week's bill winds up with Zeno, Carl and Zeno in a sensational acrobatic climax, and the Kinetograph with new pictures.

Hanlon Bros.' "Le Voyage en Suisse," at the Grand this week, has proved a popular Exhibition-time attraction. It is of the same class as other Hanlon productions—exceedingly light, diverting, and wonder-stirring.

Fanny Rice will come to Shea's next week. Miss Rice will be seen in a new specialty which has made a tremendous hit during the past few weeks. There will also be the Sandor trio, the juggling Normans, the Doherty sisters, Van and Egbert, and many others.

"San Toy," the English-Chinese musical comedy which is to be seen at the Princess Theater next week, has been one of the most successful of this class of plays yet seen in America, due, no doubt, to the fact that the music is so dainty and charming, and that it has been wonderfully mounted. The story has to do with a Chinese mandarin who, in order to save his daughter from the harem of the Emperor, has brought her up as a boy. Just as she is about to elope with an Englishman, the Emperor discovers the deception, and orders her to appear at Pekin. The entire company is thus transported to the Forbidden City. San Toy dons dresses; Li, a Chinese messenger, is condemned to death, and San Toy's father is threatened with the same fate. Fortunately for all, the Emperor, in regular comic opera fashion, changes his mind, sanguinary methods are omitted, and the curtain falls on a pleasing picture of contentment in the Chinese court.

## Is Slang Ever Desirable?

PROFESSOR HALL of Clark University has, it appears, been agitating a conference of pedagogues at Chicago by his advocacy of slang as a desirable adjunct to the juvenile vocabulary. "Boys and girls," he is reported to have said, "need slang. It is good for them. Let them use it. It keeps them from becoming tongue-bound. If a youngster tells you of a 'hunch' or a 'straight tip,' or a 'pipe,' do not correct him and give him a stiff substitute. He has found the right word." "This," protests the Baltimore "Sun," "is very bad advice. The English language is not so poor as the Clark University professor seems to think. It abounds in words of good origin which will express accurately, graphically and sensibly any idea which a man may desire to clothe in decent garb. If Professor Hall's advice were accepted by teachers generally, children would never learn how to speak with any degree of elegance. . . . It is true some slang is witty and picturesque in a way. But its use ought not to be encouraged, certainly not by those who teach the young idea how to shoot." In this matter "Harper's Weekly" admits that its sympathies are rather with Professor Hall than with the Baltimore "Sun." "We are far from advocating an indiscriminate and merely wanton use of such pungent locutions as the Professor adduces; but we believe that there is a large proportion of current slang which is admirably vivid, expressive, and, in a sense, indispensable, and which is inevitably bound to incorporate itself, sooner or later, in the legitimate body of English speech. When the scholarly editor of a certain literary journal observed, not long since, that Mr. Henry James in his later fiction had become 'wooly,' he used a term for which there is no synonym whatever in reputable English, and which served his purpose with a precision, an eloquence, and a finality quite beyond praise. Mr. James was 'wooly'; that said absolutely all that there was to be said; it was the one inevitable word, selected with unsurpassable felicity and skill."



"All the Comforts of Home"; A Snapshot of a Toronto Residence at Fair Time.

## The Cunning Poacher.

THE great forests of Northern Maine, which are fairly alive with big game of all kinds, are, however, forbidden ground, and elaborate laws against poaching grace the statute-books of the Pine-Tree State. To enforce these laws and guard the inhabitants of such a vast wilderness from the depredations of wily hunters who know the woods like a book is no easy matter, and many a well planned expedition in pursuit of some outlaw has resulted in failure.

Of all the elusive poachers with whom the authorities have had to deal, perhaps the most noted is Peter La Fontaine, a French-Canadian, for whom the game wardens of Maine, up to last winter, had hunted in vain, and for whom they still entertain a wholesome fear. Many a trap had been laid for La Fontaine, and many a long chase the wardens had given him, but all in vain, until last winter the game commissioners, having received news that the poacher was killing many beaver in the region around Baker Lake, detailed a warden named Templeton to go into that country and capture him at whatever cost. Templeton, a big, muscular young woodsman and guide, reputed to be one of the most skilful and fearless wardens in the business, at once prepared for the expedition, and when half way into the poacher's stamping ground was joined by another warden named Houston. This was early in March, and on the 10th of that month, after many miles of travel on snowshoes, the two arrived at a lumber camp, where La Fontaine had passed a few hours previously. They pushed on, and soon came upon his trail, which was easily followed on account of the soft snow that was falling and the fact that he was drawing a handsled.

At dusk La Fontaine went into camp in a shack on the bank of a brook, and while he prepared his supper the wardens lay concealed behind some bushes near by. When the smoke from the shack had died away, and it was evident that La Fontaine had turned in for the night, the wardens crept up, and, quickly throwing open the shack door, surprised Peter as he lay upon his couch of boughs and blankets with his feet to the embers of his fire. As Templeton, who stood in the doorway, afterwards described the meeting, La Fontaine, whose quick ear had caught the sound of the latch as it was lifted, had sprung from his couch, and was upon his knees, rifle in hand, when Templeton's revolver covered him. Before he had time to press the trigger Templeton fired, the bullet passing in at the breast, above the heart and out back of the shoulder blade.

The scene of the shooting was far from any civilized spot in Maine, but near to the Canadian border, and as, in the judgment of the wardens, La Fontaine could not survive the journey to Moosehead Lake on a tote sled, the only available or practicable means of conveyance, it was decided to take him to a lumber camp near by, whence he might have a fairly comfortable passage on a woods team over the border to his home in St. Francis, Quebec. He seemed to be badly wounded, and he shared the opinion of his captors that he would die, and under those conditions it was concluded better to send him home to his family than to bring his corpse through the wilderness to Moosehead Lake.

So Peter La Fontaine, bundled up in blankets, and counting his rosary beads as he mumbled prayers over them, went home on a tote team to St. Francis, accompanied by loggers who knew him and were friendly to him, and that was the last seen or heard of the famous poacher for many weeks—until the snows had vanished from the deep woods and the ice had gone from the lakes and streams. The wardens thought that he would be long in recovering from his wound, if he recovered at all, and they sincerely hoped that he would stay at home and trouble them no more. It was reported from Quebec that La Fontaine himself had said that he was tired of fighting the officers, and that he would never return to Maine, and this news was heard with relief and satisfaction by the authorities.

But there appears to have been some mistake about it all. In the first place, La Fontaine's wound could not have been very serious, for it is known that he was back in the Baker Lake region early in the summer, accompanied by one or two friends. The wardens say that he came, with one man to help him, gathered up his traps and went back to his home, saying that he was done with poaching, and that he intended to settle down on his farm in St. Francis, there to spend his remaining days in peace and plenty—plenty, assuredly, for he has property worth \$20,000. On the other hand, the woodsmen and others who come down from the Baker Lake country declare that La Fontaine came months ago, accompanied by his son and another man, and that he is again at his old tricks, in open defiance of the law.

Whether or not La Fontaine is back in Maine is a question that can be settled only by another expedition after him. In the opinion of some woodsmen, the wardens will not go after the poacher again in a hurry. They intimate that the quest would be even more dangerous than before, now that the poacher has been warned of the intentions of the authorities, and his hostility to the officers intensified by the sting of Templeton's bullet. The wardens have long regarded La Fontaine as a most dangerous man, and they will not take any chances with him. He is known to be a dead shot, and is considered to be the most skilful man in all the north country in all the tricks and accomplishments of woodcraft. He was born and brought up in the wilderness, and there is nothing in the book of nature that he has not learned by heart. He knows every animal's habits, the ways of birds and fishes, the courses of every stream; the complicated network of forest paths and trails—a puzzle to most men—is all plain to him, and to his eyes the very trees and rocks are familiar as the faces of old friends. This is the explanation of his marvelous facility of eluding those sent in pursuit of him. Add to this knowledge a fearless spirit, surprising strength and agility, and an aim as true and quick as lightning, and it is easy to understand why he is admired by the backwoodsmen and feared by the game wardens.

La Fontaine makes no denial of the charge of poaching, but will not admit that he commits any crime when he shoots or traps what he likes in the woods of Maine. He holds, with the Indians, that the game belongs to the people, and that the State has no right to forbid the people enjoying the benefits that God has spread before them. That is Peter La Fontaine's defence, and if the prosecution is to prevail against him the opening argument must be made in the open court of the northern woods.

## Oklahoma Hotel Rules.

IF the bugs are troublesome you can find kloroform in a bottle on the shelf.

Gents going to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.

Three raps at the door means that there is a murder in the house and you must get up.

Please write your name on the wall paper so that we know that you've been here.

The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.

If the hole where the pane of glass is out is too much for you, find a pair of pants behind the door to stuff in it.

The shooting of a pistol causes no alarm.

If you're too cold put the oilcloth over your bed.

Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but mustn't burn all night.

Don't tare off the wall paper to lite your pipe with.

Guests will not take out the bricks in the mattress.

If it rains through that hole overhead you'll find an umbrella under the bed.

The rats won't hurt you if they chase each other across your face.

Two men in one room must put up with one chair.

Don't kick about the roaches. We do not charge extra.

Don't empty the sawdust out of the pillars.



### Mountain Climbing in British Columbia.

How a Toronto Lady Saw Both the Picturesque and the Funny Side of Things.

A TORONTO lady who recently made a tour of British Columbia thus describes some of her experiences:—

Glacier is a delightful stopping place. The hotel immediately at the station is about forty minutes' walk to the Great Glacier. There are two good ways of seeing the glacier; one is to climb to the top of the observatory from the hotel verandah and look through the telescope; the second, and, to my mind, better, way is to walk through the woods by the side of the tumbling, rushing glacier stream. Make yourself as oblivious as you can to the mosquitoes that will assail you a thousand at a time. Let them have an occasional pick, and only come down on them when there are forty eating at once. By this means you show great endurance, and give more time to the scenery, which is far more profitable than lessening the numbers of insects for the coming tourist. If you are a woman, remember the scientist writes that only the female mosquito bites, and we all know the uselessness of remonstrating with our own sex.

To the right of the glacier rises Mount Sir Donald, a naked and abrupt pyramid, as the guide-book points out. Some enterprising tourists climbed it, and recorded the fact proudly in the hotel register, adding that the view well repaid the exertion, but to my mind a much more moderate climb can give you all the view a normal person's desires crave. The climb to the summit of Mount Abbott is what the Swiss guide calls an easy ascent. You can decide that by your own condition after you have made it, but at all events try it if you are in the way of mountain climbing. This mount, one of the shoulders of Ross Peak, rises behind the hotel. You climb the hillside, as steep as a stairway, through the woods for an hour and three-quarters, when you reach the snow level, the guide giving a helping hand when needed till you reach the summit, and countless snowclad mountain peaks are in view, with the valley below, and as we caught sight of the train it appeared like a small black snake wiggling through the water. The flowers by the way are very pretty, especially a kind of yellow mountain lily, somewhat in shape like our trillium, but with five petals. This flower blooms early in the spring at the base of the mountains, and as the warm weather comes blooms higher and higher, hugging pretty closely to the snow belt. When we reached the summit of the cliff the guide, by way of showing how we could go down, threw a stone. For five minutes it seemed lost, then we saw it rolling down, down, and we could imagine the feelings of the rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland" as he fell down the well. The resolution that we took was to go down more slowly and less directly than the stone if we had our choice. So we crossed to the other face of the cliff and seated ourselves under the guide's direction for a slide down. This was done by simply sitting down and hoisting our legs out of the way. If you let your feet touch you reverse yourself very suddenly and come to a standstill. As Mr. G. called out when this happened to his father, "Hurrah! hurrah! my dad's arrested! (at least his progress is):"

We saw some red snow. This is quite a curiosity. The guide told us it is quite common in the Pyrenees—I am not sure about the Alps. It is a fungus growth, and looks as snow would with blood sprinkled on the surface. When you crush it a red inkly matter remains on your hand.

From Glacier we went to Field, spent three days there, and were disappointed not to have had more time amongst our contemporaries, the trilobites, and such like of the fossil bed. The Yoho Valley has lately been made accessible to the tourist. Field is the starting point for this trip. Those who made the journey, and have also seen the Yosemite, say it is quite as fine. Unfortunately that was one of the things we had to leave for next time.

I had a very funny experience while staying at Field. Sitting in the writing-room and trying to write letters and fight mosquitoes at the same time, my mind was easily distracted from the writing. I found myself listening to the conversation of two lately arrived tourists. They had come on from Laggan, where we were bound for the next day. This was what I heard and shuddered to hear:—"Oh, dear! I'd a died if I'd stayed a week at Laggan. Them bugs! I'll never forget the bugs!" Now, as I said, my attention was divided between writing letters and fighting mosquitoes, with the great advantage on the part of the mosquitoes, so any mention of a new insect that could possibly attack us made me quiver. As this woman weighed more than two hundred pounds, I wondered why the grown-up species of the class of insect she referred to did not undertake something of their own size. However, when she added, "I'd far better have walked," I knew it was not insects but a mode of conveyance she was reflecting on. Realizing the stupidity of my mistake, I nevertheless felt reassured that nothing worse than we had met with awaited us.

We left Field with regret at our enforced short stay, and took our way to Laggan. This is the most unique spot in our travels. Arriving at the little station you are, to say the least, not impressed with the prospect. It is about as unlikely a spot as could well be imagined. You take the buggy sent from the chalet to meet you and drive to the small C. P. R. hotel. Arriving there, such a wonderfully beautiful panorama opens to your view. The hotel or chalet is built on the edge of Lake Louise, which appears very diminutive owing to the vast surroundings. On one side is a high mountain, sloping gradually and ending about the center of the lake. This slope is thickly wooded, and rising on the opposite bank is a rugged rocky face, with scarcely any growth. Then from the center of the lake, where the slope of each mountain begins, the Victoria glacier rises. I could not picture the effect of this beautiful lake, six hundred feet deep—its color a deep emerald, and as it were a snowy mountain rising out of it. I sat on the verandah all afternoon and watched the wonderful shadows gather and creep down gradually, deepening as the sun sank, and changing from blues to greens, and lighting up in sudden and quickly expiring splendor as the last rays reflected from the bare rocks were caught up by the shadows on the lake.

The next morning we started on ponies to see the upper lakes, Mirror and Agnes. We rode through the woods up the side of the mountain, pretty steep in places, till the three lakes became visible at once. A gentleman who had visited the Alps said the sight reminded him more of the scenery there than any other part of the Rockies. I must confess that our outfit, from a spectacular point of view, was more ludicrous than picturesque. We all sat our horses astride—no sidesaddles available, the impression being that riding astride was safer. I did not stop to think how I looked, simply adapted myself to the necessities of the situation and got on a pony of huge girth, with a Mexican saddle and dilapidated bridle that had a decided tendency to come apart. The pony was so steady I made up my mind that should the bridle fail me I could hold on by the pommel. We got pretty well on our way up the mountain when we overtook a lady who had mounted the only pony she could get at the station, minus a saddle. She was doing famously under the circumstances, but her plight was rather startling as we came upon her in the woods. She had slipped back and back as she ascended the mountain until when we saw her she was almost over the tail of the horse. By a dexterous move she leaned forward, caught the animal around the neck and pulled herself into position. I heard her remark as I came up, "I don't think that lady's saddle is very safe." I could not help saying, "I don't feel I am taking more chances than you are, madam." From a gentleman who saw her as she went down the hill we learned that she sat as nearly over the ears of the animal as she had over the tail on the way going up.

We had scarcely ridden away from our friends with no saddle when we came upon an elderly lady in great distress. She had yielded to the importunities of the situation, and on the advice of her friends had got on a pony to reach the top of the mountain. In order to add grace to her somewhat doubtful posture astride the pony, she had



THE DOGS' AND CATS' CEMETERY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

draped herself in a wide mackintosh, hoping thereby, no doubt to avoid showing her—feet (!). The wind caught this garment and blew it out behind till it floated like a flag in the breeze. She wanted to turn her horse about to rejoin her party, but could not, as she pathetically explained to Mr. G. "The only thing I know about a horse is whoa!" So she continued to apply this after she was put on the right road, and long after she was out of sight we could hear a plaintive wail through the forest, "Whoa! whea!"

The next adventure was on our arriving at the hotel to find seated on the verandah a tourist of large proportions, somewhat out of breath from the exertions of climbing. She immediately plied me with questions regarding the neighborhood, wholly beyond my power of answering, and when I could not tell her what she desired to know, remarked that all the people of this strange country knew nothing about it. I thought at first I would explain I had not been longer in it than she had herself, but she talked so fast I couldn't. She explained she had misunderstood directions at the station—she had walked all the way; she had "clim, and clim!" I did not get to the lake when she asked how much farther to the lake. She had got the usual answer, "Don't know." However, she would "see them lakes," and would ride there in the morning. This was my opportunity; as she weighed not less than two hundred and fifty, I told her I feared the pony might be badly sprung at the knees on her return. Would she give me two snapshots, one "before—one after taking"? She laughed good-naturedly, and took herself off. She may still be on the "clim" for all I know.

From Laggan we went to Banff, and spent three days most delightfully. The air is delightful, and one marvels that one can overtake so much with such slight fatigue.

### The Dogs' Cemetery, London, England.

WHEN one first enters this curious little cemetery one is inclined to ridicule the people who have laid out this plot in exact imitation of a cemetery for humans. But what does a casual observer know of the places these dogs, cats and birds have filled in some lonely hearts? It seems that a number of years ago one of the ladies of the Royal family was out driving in Hyde Park, and when nearing the lodge-keeper's house, at Victoria Gate, her little dog, who was following the carriage, was killed. So the keeper buried it at the back of his house, and in this way originated this pretty little resting-place for pets.

One dog, whose master belonged to the King's Dragoons Guard, was buried in military colors and with all military pomp. On the stone over another is the suggestive name of "Scrapie." This dog was a pedigreed bulldog, and it certainly had the most unique funeral any four-footed animal could have. Four bulldogs were chief mourners, and seemed greatly interested in the interment of their old comrade, but, sad to relate, they were all seized with a desire to dig up their friend. A flat stone with an iron ring attached marks the top of a vault in which rest the remains of a Skye, whose coffin is of oak, and has solid gold mountings. The most imposing monument is a broken column, in white marble, erected by a well-known American. A quotation from Byron, "In life the foremost friend, the first to welcome, foremost to defend," adorns a stone to "Pompey," a Spitz dog. By some odd chance three slabs bearing the names of "Scottie," "Paddy," and "Whiskey," are grouped together—Scotch and Irish whiskey blended! A vivid patch of lobelia covers "Tiny," who spoke with soft brown eyes more eloquent than words. Close to the wall poor "Dandy" is buried. "Dandy," a Scotch terrier, who was "a good old sport and pal." One could easily imagine this perk (?) little terrier being the boon companion of his master, who is a well-known figure in London. One tabby was the only companion of a wealthy maiden lady who was crossed in love. She lavished all her affections on this pussy, and rather foolishly, has engraved on the stone, "If I thought we'd meet again it would lessen half my pain." The heroine of the cemetery is "Dolly Low," who was the constant companion of her master, a man who travelled extensively. While away on one of his tours he was taken dangerously ill, and his faithful four-footed friend never left his bedside until he recovered. About a year after poor Dolly's back was broken, so her master had erected a stone to her with these lines:—

"This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unwearied;  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where this sunbeam broke the gloom  
'Round the sick and dreary.  
This dog only waited on,  
Knowing that when light is gone  
Love remains for shining."

It is not only the wealthy people whose pets are buried here, but scattered amongst the marble stones are a few wooden slabs rudely carved. While talking to the lodge-keeper a little mite of humanity came up and timidly asked how much it would cost to bury her pet, and it was quite pitiful to see how her face fell when she was told there was no more room.

D. A. D.

### An Awful Mistake.

A YOUNG man, whose gallantry was largely in excess of his pecuniary means, sought to remedy this defect and to save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off clothes. So it happened that one day he received a bunch of the most beautiful roses, which he at once despatched to

his lady-love. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome, he called at the house of the young woman the same evening, and was not a little surprised at a frosty reception.

After a pause the young woman remarked in the most frigid tones: "You sent me a note to-day."

"A note—?"

"Certainly, along with the flowers."

"To be sure, I sent you flowers; but—"

"And this note was with the bouquet. Do you mean to deny it?"

And the young man read: "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."

### A Domestic Happening.

"GEORGE, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed the other evening just as they were about to leave the house for the theater, "I've left my fan up on the dressing-table in my room, and I can't go without it. Won't you run up and get it—that's a dear."

George goes up three steps at a time. A moment later his voice comes down awfully sharp for a man who has been married but six months.

"It isn't on the table," he says.

"Why, yes, it must be, dear. Look in the upper drawer in that long, blue box in the left-hand corner. Don't disarrange things. It is there."

"No, it isn't."

"Well, don't get cross about it. Maybe I left it on the bed. Is it there?"

"No; I'll be—"

"George! If you can't do a little favor for your wife without swearing about it, you needn't do it at all. Look in the second drawer of the dressing-table in that pink box. Is it there?"

"No, it isn't, and I knew it wasn't before I looked!"

"You didn't know anything of the sort. Do find it somewhere. We're late now. Maybe it's on the mantelpiece. I know I laid it down while I adjusted my hat. Is it on the mantelpiece?"

"No, it is not. I'll just be eternally—"

"George! If you swear again I'll take off my things and stay at home! If you'd look for the fan instead of prancing around and swearing like a trooper you'd find it. See if it is in my hat-box. Sometimes I drop it in there. Found it?"

"Found it?" snarls George jeeringly. "Talk about a needle in a haystack! It's nothing compared to—"

"George Newlywed! Just as sure as you speak that way again I'll stay at home. Look on the chairs and the table and—what are you doing up there? Upsetting chairs and kicking over things, and growling like some wild animal. I'd be ashamed! I suppose I'll have to come and look for the fan myself, tired as I am. Can't you find it?"

"Find nothing! A man might as well hunt for the North Pole, or a particular grain of sand in the bottom of the sea as to look for—"

"There, there! Stop making quite such a pitiful spectacle of yourself. If I were a man, I'd be a man! Look in the wardrobe. Oh, here's the fan. I declare if it hasn't been lying here on the hall-rack all the time. I remember now that I laid it down when I— George Newlywed! I'd be serving you right if I didn't go a step with you. Swearing like that! Come on, wretch! I suppose you'll snarl and sulk all the evening."

A prediction that was fully verified.

Teacher—Say "they aren't" or "they are not." You must never say "they ain't." Tommy—Why not? Teacher—Because it ain't proper, that's why.—Philadelphia "Press."



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.  
"Ma, make pa carry me too."—London Punch.



THE GREATEST OF TRADES UNIONS.

THE labor parade had just gone by. Being a hard-worked newspaper man, I was one of the few who was celebrating Labor day by not idling. As the strains of band music died away in the distance, the foot-steps of a caller were heard on the stair. He proved to be a well-known financier, who was looking for the editor. I told him that Labor day was a "dies non" with the editor and with all the staff except my humble self.

"And why not with you?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "there is more than one way of celebrating. Personally, I prefer to work, and personally, again, the boss prefers me to work. But why aren't you celebrating yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, but I am," said he. "Unfortunately, however, my union was not able to turn out in a body, and so I didn't walk."

"Your union," said I. "Do you think Mr. —, I don't know who you are? What union do you belong to?"

"The International Union of Coupon Clippers, an organization of the hardest working fellows in the universe. Oh, how we do toil! Lord Strathcona is our president, Pierp Morgan our walking delegate, and Andrew Carnegie and Russell Sage our patron saints. You talk about the horny-handed sons of toil—I tell you they don't know what work is compared with those whose ceaseless struggle is to keep an edge on their coupon shears, like Russell Sage, or to avoid the disgrace of dying rich, like Andrew Carnegie. We are, par excellence, the real toilers, and compared with us, the so-called cohorts of labor who have just gone past are idlers in the world's vineyard."

"Yes, you look it," said I. "You are dying of over-work."

"I am, indeed," he answered. "Look at my furrowed face and emaciated form."

"Why don't you stop it?" I asked.

"I can't," said he. "To some men work is a pleasure, to others a necessity, to yet others a disease. I am in the latter class—most of the Coupon Clippers are. It is like the cigarette habit. For heaven's sake never contract the deadly vice."

"I am not likely to," I said. "I guess it's even more difficult to get a union card from the Coupon Clippers than from the average union. Your laws restricting the number of apprentices are of cast iron."

"They are worse than that," said he, "they are of gold."

ASTERISK.

### Toronto's Fair Fifty Years Ago.

IT is interesting to turn up the files of Toronto papers of fifty years ago and read there of the old Provincial Exhibition of 1852—the forerunner of the present Industrial Fair.

On September 15th, 1852, the "Examiner" announced with a flourish of trumpets that "six hundred pounds have been placed at the disposal of the Association by the Municipal Council of this city, and with the funds already granted from other sources no less than three thousand two hundred dollars are at the disposal of the committee."

On the same day the city press also made the following announcements:—

"Monday and Tuesday will be devoted to the entering of stock and articles for exhibition. None but members can exhibit except ladies. On Wednesday the judges breakfast on the ground at 8 a.m., and members will be admitted at 2 p.m. On the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday addresses will be delivered on subjects of agricultural interest; and the President's address will be delivered at 2 p.m. on Friday. Articles for exhibition from the United States will be admitted duty free. Steamboats will only charge half their usual rates during the week, and a list of hotels and suitable boarding-houses will be furnished for public inspection, with their respective charges. The public, meaning thereby persons not members of the Society, will be admitted to the show ground on Thursday and Friday at a fee of 7 1-2 d."

We learn also from the "Examiner" that "the steeple of Knox church will be open to-day and during the rest of the week, so that visitors have an opportunity of getting a view from it of the city and suburbs." Imagine yourself attempting to get a view of the Toronto of to-day from the steeple of Knox church.

The fair of 1852, it appears, was accounted a great success. The papers inform us that the gate receipts for one day amounted to \$3,000. An interesting paragraph relates that the steamer "Magnet" brought from Hamilton "thirteen horses and eighteen head of cattle intended for exhibition at the Provincial Fair." Some wags of to-day will doubtless be inclined to joke at Hamilton's rural propensities even at that early period.

From accounts of the Exhibition it is learned that no fewer than 40,000 people visited the grounds to see the fair of 1852. The prize list published the week after in the city papers occupied about six ordinary newspaper columns. In addition to the customary awards for cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, poultry, grain, roots, fruits, and dairy products, there were only a few prizes for manufactures and arts, including leather and furs, cabinet ware, carriages, woollen and flax goods, painting, bookbinding, pottery, and agricultural implements, and the exhibits in most of the last-named classes appear to have been indeed. Most emphatically the old Provincial Exhibition of that time was an agricultural, not in industrial, fair.

LANCE.

### The Revolt of Man.

Women will notice particularly that the marriage rate among the leaders of Englishmen is very low just now. It is the age of bachelors. The Premier, who is 54, is a bachelor, and, indeed, the first bachelor to attain that position since the time of William Pitt. Lord Kitchener, the most notable soldier, and Lord Milner, the most prominent administrator, are both unmarried; so, too, is the Bishop of London, who is not far from being the most prominent man in the Church. France has long been cursed with petticoat influence in politics, and we have had some experience of the plague of women behind the scenes at the War Office. The triumph of the Four Great Bachelors seems to point to a quiet and effective Revolt of Man!

Biggs (angrily)—You are a liar, sir! Little (with dignity)—In what respect?







## Eating, Drinking and Table Conversation.

WHEN Boswell complained to Dr. Johnson of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence worthy of being remembered, Johnson said: "Sir, there is seldom any such conversation." "Why, then, meet at tables?" Boswell asked. "Why, to eat and drink together, and to provide kindness; and, sir, this is better done where there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion, and get into bad humor, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy. It was for this reason, Sir Robert Walpole said, he always talked bawdy at his table because in that all could join." The stout-hearted old doctor, for Boswell elsewhere relates that Dr. Johnson received the greatest compliment ever paid to a layman when a certain person apologized to him for having used profane words in a story which he had just told.

The man or woman who can be relied on to talk well at table or in a parlour will never lack invitations. Good conversation is the finest product of brains, breeding, society and civilization, but it is very rare, and one who is a master of it is welcome in every company and a friend in need to every host. How anxiously, in making up a dinner party, do people run over all their friends to find one or two who will help keep the table talk from flagging! No one, who has not sat at the head of a table heroically warding off the silence which threatens to fall at any moment, can appreciate the gratitude a host feels for the man of woman guest who catches and tosses back to him the ball of conversation and keeps it in the air, who helps him draw out the more taciturn members of the party by gentle banter and astute questions, and who lightens the talk, when it becomes heavy and serious, by throwing in some jest or frivolity. Such a jest, if hosts were judges, would do more to gain the sweets of heaven for the jester than a rosary of prayers.

Much is said and written of the duties of hosts, but have guests no reciprocal duties? Are they not bound, by some hospitable rule of honor, to prepare themselves to entertain the company and to sit silent, receiving much of the golden coin of table talk and giving nothing in exchange except, perhaps, a copper penny or two, a "yes" or a "no" in answer to a point blank query?

Except to a blessed few the gift of conversing does not come by nature. Many fine minds there are who, like a much-quoted college lad, are chock-full of an elegant vocabulary, but can't get it out. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote so well, was dull in company, and even the great Dr. Johnson, who talked so wonderfully when he thawed, was ordinarily silent. How many hosts loved the crafty Boswell for drawing out the lion, as only he could do it? Boswell confesses that in order to start the doctor's tongue he used to utter some heresy in religion or politics which, he was aware, would rouse the great man to a fury of disputation in which poor Boswell would be crushed by the first sentence. But the doctor going, and never failing to set the pages of the "Life" to the canny Scotchman's trick. Would there were more Boswells at our dinner-tables—and more Johnsons!

Conversation ought to be learned and cultivated, just as music or any other entertaining art is learned and cultivated. Young women will employ expensive masters to give them lessons on the piano or the violin or to train their voices, so that they may have "accomplishments" and appear well in company, but they totally neglect the greatest and finest of all accomplishments, the art of conversation. There ought to be masters of conversation to teach men and women how to talk well at a dinner table. The girl who can interest a table for five minutes at a time three or four times during a dinner has a more graceful and ingratiating accomplishment than she who cannot talk, but who can play all of Chopin beautifully and by heart. The tongue is a greater instrument than the pianoforte. Let a girl take conversation for her accomplishment, let her give to reading and thinking the time which the pianist gives to practice; let her go in seriously for conversation, though not entirely for serious conversation, and she will become the paragon of her circle and men will fight duels for her hand. And men, too, ought to study conversation as they study anything else, and practice, practice, practice. In France conversation is esteemed a fine art, and it is the conversation of France which proves it the most polished nation.

Eating and drinking seem to be necessary concomitants of conversation. If a man invited friends to his house just for conversation, and gave them nothing to eat or drink, he would soon be town talk. Doubtless some people could trace a subtle connection between dining, drinking and talking, dragging their audience through a psychological maze, but the vulgar truth seems to be that when a man—or, strange to say, a gentle woman, either—has a full stomach and feels the pleasant afterglow of wine, there is a tendency to sit at ease and unburden the mind of whatever lies upon it. However that may be, it is a fact that hungry people will not converse and that nothing so expands the mind and loosens the tongue as a good dinner does.

## The Wrong "Receipt."

MRS. DUZZIT has at last discovered the difference between a "receipt" and a "recipe," through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least, she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads innocence in that respect, but if feminine logic counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Duzzit clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and threw it with some other settled accounts in the drawer of the same table. Concluding one day to try the pudding, she said to Lucinda, the cook, as she was mapping out the dinner.

"What's given in the receipt, and then we'll see whether that new pudding is as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yassum," said the obedient Lucinda. Mrs. Duzzit left and Lucinda went to the library.

"Please, suh," she remarked, "I des wants dat receipt Missus Duzzit done lef' hyah."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Duzzit. "De one what tell 'bout all dem 'tings I's got ter put in dat new puddin'." She say she put hit on de lib'ry table.

Mr. Duzzit tossed the papers about, peered into the drawers, and finally handed Lucinda a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Lucinda rapped softly on the door of the library and apologetically said:

"Scuse me, suh, but mus' I use all dese hyuh 'tings what dishyere papuh sez ter use?"

"Sure thing," answered Mr. Duzzit. "Do just as Mrs. Duzzit said you should."

Lucinda returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks, and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in on the largest tray in the house and deposited it on the serving table with an air which said that she washed her hands of all consequences.

"What is that, Lucinda?" asked her mistress.

"De puddin'."

"The pudding? Goodness gracious! I never dreamed it would be that big. You may help us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Duzzit's portion was placed before him he scanned it critically, sniffed suspiciously, and turned it gingerly over with his spoon.

Mrs. Duzzit, however, had the courage which comes from an implicit faith in the culinary page, and she tried a spoonful.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Why, Lucinda, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' 'cept what de receipt said ter use," avowed Lucinda.

"Hum," mused Mr. Duzzit. "It must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Duzzit, "I never saw such a looking affair before in all my life. Lucinda, you surely have made a mistake in mixing it."

"Deed, I hasn't," stoutly answered the cook. "I done use evey'ting des lak de papuh said."

"Did they offer a cash prize to anyone who would eat the pudding?" enquired Mr. Duzzit. "Because, if they did, I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself, for I must deprive myself of the extreme pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I des gib mah two weeks' notice raight now," announced Lucinda. "Yo' all de first white folks what say dey won't eat mah cookin', en I know what dey plenty of white folks dat glad ter hab me in dey kitchen. En I gwine right out en foteh in dat receipt, en yo' see fo' yo'selfs dat I des use what hit say ter use."

Lucinda retreated to the kitchen in sable dignity, and returned solemnly, bearing the "receipt," which read:

"H. E. Duzzit to I. Feedam, Dr. 'One can corn, 10 cents; one box shoe polish, 5 cents; six candles, 15 cents; two pounds rice, 10 cents; two bars washing soap, 9 cents; one cake yeast, 1 cent; bottle olive oil, 25 cents; one-half peck potatoes, 20 cents; one mackerel, 18 cents; three pounds prunes, 45 cents; ten pounds salt, 10 cents; six packages flower seed, 30 cents; one feather duster, 35 cents. Paid."

"Dah 't is," said Lucinda. "Dah 't is. An' dey all in dat ole puddin' 'ceptin' de ham'er er dat feather duster, en 'blame' 'f I knows how ter wuk hit in whet I's stirrin' all dat other trash. An' 'f yo' all lak dat kin'er puddin', den yo' betteh git some other lady ter ten' ter de cookin' foh yo', 'case I ain' use' ter hit."

But Mr. Duzzit soberly took his wife by the arm, led her to the library, took down the big dictionary, and pointed out the words "receipt" and "recipe" and their definitions.—W. D. Nesbitt in "Judge."

## A Canadian Production.

Canada Can Excel Any Country in the World in Many Lines.

Canadians are proverbially a modest people who have a very strong aversion to anything which sounds like boasting; in fact, a Canadian must go abroad to learn the true value, comparatively, of his own good country, its men and its products.

It is a well-known fact that the standard of professional education is higher in Canada than perhaps anywhere else in the world.

Canadian physicians and pharmacists are superior to any others.

The natural result of this very high standard is of course a more critical and scrupulously careful examination into disease with its causes and cure.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a purely Canadian product.

Canadian minds developed the theory on which they are made and prepared the formula.

By Canadians are they made and sold, and their reception by the Canadian people is the very best evidence of their sterling good qualities, for Canadians want only the best.

Like everything else Canadian, they are honest and reliable. As a remedy for all stomach troubles they do just as much as is claimed for them. They cure completely—and they can do no more.

But while it would naturally be supposed that the Canadian people would prefer the Canadian cure for Dyspepsia, it is very gratifying to know that in the Mother Land, and also in the United States, where very many preparations have been offered for Dyspepsia, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have found their way right to the front.

The fame of fair Canada has always been enhanced by the superiority of her products, and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done much to emphasize this superiority.

## Interference.

"YES," said my friend, sadly, "you may play poker with a stranger and an unlimited raise, and may come out all right; you may shoot lions and tigers and the Falls of Niagara, and never suffer in your health; you may play with fire, and take no harm. But never meddle in the least degree with anyone else's love affair. For you will come out of it with the reputation of a fool, with fool stamped all over you back and front,

## The Meagre-Minded Man.

A Ballad of Christian Science.

John Hawkins was a common man who married Mary Brown. A cheerful, optimistic maid of simple Boston town; John thought his happiness secure in making this alliance. And it jarred him when he learned his wife went in for Christian Science.

When winter brought bronchitis dread with its pneumatic woes, And John developed rasping tubes, a red and strenuous nose, He called in Dr. Gallipot, who ordered pills and potions, A plaster for his spine and chest, and various kinds of lotions.

His cheerful wife, Bostonian-like, without procrastination, Explained to John bronchitis was a mental aberration; Though Gallipot meant well he still was crude, experimental, With theories fallacious and errors fundamental.

Disease was but a figment of the human mind disordered; When people fancied they were wit, on lunacy they bordered. So Mary chucked his nostrums and secured him absent treatment From a Christian Science healer, a professor of dead-beatment.

John loved his wife, and yet he felt her theories were tenuous; He knew his eyes were red and raw, his tubes were dry and strenuous. When spring came John had been reduced to great emaciation, A subject for his kin's alarm, his friend's commiseration.

His friends gave him advice which was emphatic, if informal; They recommended change and rest with Nature sane and normal. So lean and languid John went out into the districts rural, Since Nature's healing balm is best in places extra-mural.

There free from care and science and the healer's baleful glance The bronchial Hawkins ceased to brook with summer's warm advance; And Mary, cheerful Mary, his recovery defined As a splendid vindication of the Christian Science Mind.

One fatal day John walked along the highway by the mead And came, somewhat abruptly, on an auto making speed; 'There's an absent-minded beggar,' quoth the wag on the machine, As he scattered Mr. Hawkins on the circumambient green.

Mary gathered up the fragments in her pretty Boston basket, And had them all assembled in a handsome oaken casket; Though a toe or two were missing and an ear she failed to find, That simply proved her statement as to John's imperfect mind.

And though he's dead and buried with a boulder on his breast, The Christian Science lady holds he's only gone to rest; And though Hawkins lies securely in his everlasting bed He is not dead, sweet Mary says, he only thinks he's dead.

—Joseph Smith in "Life."

and you will deserve it. A helpless, unendurable fool for all time—that is what you will be. If you see a pure-minded, refined girl on the verge of marrying a coarse, vulgar brute, let her: don't stand in the way. Probably the brute will never forgive you, and it's absolutely certain the girl never will."

"You speak with some warmth and bitterness. You have some personal experience in your mind?"

"I have. As you know, I am not a married man. But at one time I was engaged. It was years and years ago, and I was never one of those men who are—well, silly about the girls they are going to marry. But, speaking in sober fairness, I must say that Jessica was a really remarkable girl."

"Yes; engaged girls always are."

"Her hair was a—"

"I know. It would be. Pass that."

"Don't be an idiot. There was a look in that girl's eyes—"

"I know it by heart. Skip it."

"And her mental powers were equally out of the common."

"The mental powers of every engaged girl are quite out of the common. Just say that you loved Jessica and Jessica loved you, and leave the rest to the fertile imagination of a thoroughly practiced journalist."

"Now that just shows where you are too hasty; for I'm by no means sure that Jessica did love me. I can't help thinking that if she had really loved me, things would have happened differently. Mind, I admit that I was wrong in interfering in any way with Ernest Budd."

"And who was Ernest Budd?"

"I think he was the most nauseous beast I ever met in my life. He was short, thick and ugly enough to stop the clocks. He was also a vain sentimentalist. He talked about women by the hour. He believed himself a woman-killer. To listen to him made you feel sick and tired. I've heard him say that the beauty of women was practically the only thing he lived for—just that—in those words; and the other man to whom he said it died a week later. Well, at this time Budd had come to an understanding—he said it was not actually an engagement, but was to come to that—with a washed-out puss from Wimbledon, called Emily Chater. I saw the girl, and I was sorry for her; she was a weak and playful little thing, and there was no harm in her. I was very happy myself, and I wanted to save her from Ernest Budd and infinite sorrow in her after-life. Knowing the rapid, miscellaneous and volcanic temperament of Ernest Budd, my task was easy; I had but to introduce him to a more attractive girl than Emily, and I introduced him to Jessica."

"Seems rough on Jessica."

"I'd talked it over with her, and she'd agreed to it. She was so kind, herself, we were both very happy in those days;—that though she had never met Emily she wanted to save her. Jessica had implicit trust in my judgment then."

"But after she'd met Budd?"

"I own, she didn't like it. She said I might at least have told her what an appalling boulder Ernest Budd was. Well, I'd told her what I told you, and I think that ought to have been enough. As I pointed out to her, within a very short time of Budd meeting her he would throw over Emily Chater."

"And you were wrong?"

"I was absolutely right. And when Emily was saved by our intervention, then, so I told Jessica, she was perfectly free to drop Budd. In fact, I hoped she would. And Jessica knew how to drop people, too. She never seemed to say anything in particular, and they just knew that it was no good to go on and that she had no further use for them. She was a girl of wonderful tact, always perfectly polite, but—"

"Leave out the descriptions, I know them."

"Well, as I say, I pointed all this out to her, but she still was rather averse to it. She said the man's attentions were becoming perfectly insufferable, and that—knowing as he did that she was already engaged—he ought to be ashamed of himself. However, she kept on meeting him, and in a week he broke off his understanding with Emily Chater."

"Emily committed suicide?"

"Not a bit of it. She must have known that Ernest Budd was no fit husband for a decent girl. No, she married a solicitor, and is very happy, they tell me."

"But you started this story to show me the dangers of interference."

"Exactly."

"Apparently everything went right—just precisely as you wished and intended."

"Well, it didn't then."

"What was the matter? Did Jessica lose her exquisite tact, her ability for letting people see that she did not require them?"

"No, not that either. She was as good in that respect as ever she was. The trouble was—put in a few words—that

it was me she chucked, and Ernest Budd whom she married."

He paused and added vindictively: "And I'm glad to say that they're both beastly unhappy."

## A Present Duty.

It is a mistake to postpone the pleasures and recreations of life until one has done his hard work; a mistake which a great many frugal and otherwise sensible people make. There are hosts of men and women working by night and main for the purpose of enjoying life when they have laid a solid foundation of fortune under their feet. They are acting upon the belief that it is possible to get the hard work of life done, to press it into a few years, and then to begin to live. This is a misleading belief, says "Outlook."

In the first place, the work of life is never done, and ought never to be done; and, in the second place, he who postpones indefinitely the hour when he will begin to enjoy life, postpones entirely the possibility of enjoying it. No man can work with night and main for twenty years, committing all his strength to his task and permitting himself to be entirely absorbed by it, without suffering atrophy or deadening of the faculties of enjoyment. At the end of twenty years he will find nothing left of life for him, so far as occupation is concerned, except the things he has been doing. He will have so fashioned himself that he has become only a hand or a tool to do a specific thing; he will have lost the capacity of turning from one occupation to another, of taking up one interest after another, of giving himself out freely on many sides. He who would enjoy nature cannot begin too early. The first acquaintance with the outward world ought to be made at the time one begins to talk, so that one fits his words to trees and flowers and birds and clouds just as soon as he is able to fit words to them. The boy who grows up with access to the woods and fields and knows the habits of birds, because he learns them in the leisure hours of childhood, will acquire a knowledge of nature which the mature man can never obtain. It is impossible to shut oneself up for twenty years and then step out of the room and enjoy the sky and the landscape. It is impossible to work with night and main for twenty years with the expectation that, at the end of that time, one will take up music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and find delight in them. Delight in these things comes with education, with early and intimate contact; and when one comes out of a business which he has made a prison for twenty years, he can no more see what art has to reveal to him than can a blind man.

The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

—The power of enjoyment must be educated.

YOU SEE IT EVERYWHERE but are you positive it was on the last packet you purchased?

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea is often imitated but never equaled. You have to be forever on the alert to prevent substitutes from being foisted upon you.

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. and 60c. per lb. For all Grocers.



For dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength.

Ask your dealer for "Corticelli" and politely but firmly refuse all substitutes which some clerk may say are "just as good." You may be sure they all lack the many excellent qualities of the genuine Corticelli Silk.

If your dealer does not keep Corticelli Silk it is probably because he makes a little more money selling some other brand. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why don't you try it? Ask for "CORTICELLI"—the Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

## GOOD!

It is excellent—good meats—good seasoning—good cooking and good canning—which have made famous the Canned Meats and Pork and Beans of

W. CLARK, Montreal

## COAL AND WOOD



90 King Street West.  
415 Yonge Street.  
285 Yonge Street.  
576 Queen Street West.  
1359 Queen Street West.  
262 Wellesley Street.  
306 Queen Street East.  
415 Spadina Avenue.  
Esplanade Street, near Berkeley Street.  
Esplanade, foot of West Market Street.  
Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front St.  
Pape and G.T.R. Crossing.  
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing.

The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

## "BREWERY BOTTLING"

Means that the brewers themselves supervise the bottling of the ale—one of the most important details

in putting goods upon the market in perfect condition.

Every bottle of Carling's Ale and Porter is "Brewery Bottling." It is bottled either at the brewery in London or at a bottling depot owned and directly operated by the Carling Brewing and Malt-

ing Company, Limited.

That's why we can—and do—guarantee every bottle.

# Carling

ated by use just as truly as any other power; it withers and dies by disease. If one is to enjoy life he must enjoy it from day to day; if he postpones enjoyment, he loses the power of securing it at the end. There come brief moments in life, swift crises when everything is put by for the doing of a piece of work, the performing of a specific task, the facing of a great peril; but these are only moments. The lives are few in which there are not opportunities of enjoyment as one goes along which will minister to one's working power and not abstract from it. He makes the best living who keeps himself fresh by keep-

ing his interests varied; and he only can make a life who lives in every part of his nature. Enjoyment is as much a necessity as work; to find pleasure in life is as much a duty as to find profit; and the only man who lives a wholesome, normal, successful life is he who combines pleasure and work, toil and recreation, from day to day, from the beginning to the end. Pleasure is a duty which cannot be postponed.

An opportunity of a lifetime is often merely a chance to say "no."—Chicago "News."

## How are You?

Do you suffer from constipation? Does your liver need regulating? Is your digestion troublesome? Do you suffer from headache? If so, you should take

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

every day. This harmless tonic and system cleanser will regulate every organ and will remove all the unpleasant features that attend a sluggish liver. Your health and spirits will be so improved that your friends will scarcely know you. Pleasant to take—surely beneficial, but be sure that you get the genuine "Abbey's."





ALL that the members of the theater orchestras in the city seem to have gained as the result of the recent demands made upon the managers by the Musicians' Protective Association, seems to be an increase of one dollar a week salary. It was understood from the announcements made in the daily papers that the orchestras were to be enlarged, but a visit to the various theaters has not revealed any increase in the number of the musicians employed. The same miserably small orchestra of nine is to be found in the Princess Theater, where the need of an effective organization is the most evident. Fancy the orchestra of a first-class theater with no violoncello, and only one first violin! It is a reproach to the city that we have so inadequate an orchestra in our leading playhouse, but unless the patrons of the Princess make it plain to Manager Shepard that they demand an improvement in the music he provides, nothing will be done. Theater managers all over America show a disposition to starve the orchestra, and in consequence the music is notoriously bad in the majority of their houses, even in New York itself. Speaking generally, the musical bill-of-fare in the London theaters is of a much superior quality. At Daly's, the Savoy, and the Prince of Wales', all in London, theaters that correspond in size with our Princess, the orchestras number from twenty-five to thirty capable musicians, and programmes are offered to which it is a pleasure to listen.

It has been a disputed point whether Mendelssohn created the form "song without words" for piano. Mr. L. C. Elson, in an article on "What the Great Composers Have Done," gives Mendelssohn the credit of the innovation. The musical editor of the New York "Evening Post" takes exception to the statement, and contends that the real originator of the "Song Without Words" was Schubert, in his short pieces for piano. He adds: "One of Schubert's Impromptus in particular seems the very form of Mendelssohn's short pieces. Dr. Hugo Riemann adopts a similar view in his recent admirable history of music in the nineteenth century: 'That Mendelssohn got the idea of his "Songs Without Words" from Schubert's songs is very probable; yet Schubert also indicated the form of the song without words (elaboration of only one theme without a contrasting motive) in some of his Impromptus. Moments Musicaux, and other pieces for the pianoforte.' Giving all due weight to these representations, it may at least be said that Mendelssohn was the first to adopt the title of "Song Without Words," and the first to give it a distinct place in piano literature.

Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld has removed his studio and residence to 310 Jarvis street.

Among the concert virtuosi who are coming to America this season, and who may be heard in Toronto, is Frederic Lamond, the famous Scotch pianist. He is considered by many critics the leading solo pianist of Great Britain. Lamond was born in Glasgow in 1868. In 1882 he went to Frankfurt, where he studied at the Raff Conservatory under Schwartz, Urspruch, and Hermann. Later he went to Weimar and Rome, and received valuable lessons from Bulow and Liszt. In 1885 he made his debut at Berlin, with great success, and has since played at the leading capitals of Europe. In 1889 he won a special triumph in Paris.

Maudie McCarthy, who is to appear at Massey Hall during the season, is the little solo violinist who five years ago created a furore in concert here by her brilliant playing.

David Baxter, the popular basso, whose specialty is the singing of Scotch songs, will visit America for the first time this year. It is not likely that he will be allowed to return home without getting an engagement in Toronto, where there are so many admirers of Scotch music.

The conductor of the Grattan complimentary concert at Kew Beach reported in this column last week was Mr. H. Strickland, and not Mr. Kirkland, as was accidentally printed.

A representative of the Turin "Stampa" recently visited Puccini at Viareggio and got some information regarding the new opera which the composer of "Bohème" and "Manon" is writing. Notwithstanding the failure of Mascagni's Japanese opera, "Iris," Puccini has chosen a similar subject. He has, however, approached it in a more scholarly fashion. Before beginning to compose it, he made a careful study of Japanese melodies, some of which he had recorded for his use on the phonograph. His score will embody some of these melodies, and will therefore become an attractive study in national color, while experts will be interested in observing how he will harmonize his Oriental motives. Puccini is professor of harmony at the Milan Conservatory, and his operas prove him to be a master of the subject. Leading motives are to be used—one of them a suicide motive. The story of the opera, which is to be called "Madame Butterfly," is well known to New York playgoers. Only one act of the music is so far completed, and the first performance can hardly be expected before 1903.

Daniel Frohman has engaged the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for the Sunday evenings in November, and will give a special series of festival concerts, in which the reorganized Walter Damrosch Symphony Orchestra of seventy musicians will be one of the leading features. The most prominent vocal and instrumental artists who are in the country at that time will also be secured as soloists, and there will be introduced works in which choruses will

be heard and selections from the Wagner operas. Novel and interesting features are also to be added, which will make the programmes of especial interest to all classes of music-lovers. This will be the prelude to other musical events which Mr. Frohman will introduce on Sundays during the coming season.

"San Toy," the English musical comedy, will be brought back to the Princess Theater next week. The production will be very much the same as seen here last season, very few changes having been made in the company. Miss Nellie Lynch has succeeded Paula Edwards in the role of the English maid, Dudley, and Mr. Hobart Smook, who is said to be a nephew of the late Vice-President Hobart, will appear as Captain "Bobby" Preston, instead of Melville Stewart.

The Nordheimer Piano and Music Company have in publication an attractive lullaby song by Mr. George D. Atkinson. This song obtained the composition prize at the Toronto College of Music last year, and the many enquiries for it resulting from its being sung twice in public from the MSS, decided the composer upon having it published. The song is dedicated to Miss Dora L. McMurtry, the well-known soprano of this city.

Mr. Rechab Tandy has returned to the city and resumed his vocal teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music on the 2nd inst. During the seven weeks of Mr. Tandy's summer tour, extending from Mackinac Island, Michigan, to Chicoutimi, Province of Quebec, he visited many of the chief cities and towns in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, giving twelve vocal recitals, besides singing in many church Sabbath services. The press in both Provinces speak in high terms of his artistic singing. Mr. Tandy gave his last recital on tour at Kingston, Ont., of which event the Kingston "Daily Whig" of August 25th says: "Although Mr. Tandy's reputation as a singer is well known on both sides of the Atlantic he seemed to surpass himself last evening. Mr. Tandy's voice is of the pure 'robust' order, and he sings with the repose and confidence of a finished artist. His piano passages are sung with delightful smoothness, and his climaxes delivered with a volume of tone and dramatic fire seldom heard, while throughout his entire singing every word is distinctly heard, all these qualities giving intense pleasure to the listener. Mr. Tandy stands to-day without doubt the foremost tenor of the Dominion."

The Toronto Conservatory of Music opened for its sixteenth season on September 2nd with a full staff of teachers in all departments. A large number of new pupils have already been registered, and the year promises to be one of great success. Dr. Edward Fisher is busily engaged every day making arrangements with pupils for their work throughout the year.

The Toronto College of Music reopened last Tuesday. The brilliant results of last season's work, the ever-increasing demand for the musical examinations instituted by the College, and the eminent standing of its graduates, are a guarantee of the excellence of the course of training at this popular institution. The new calendar for 1902-1903 is now ready and may be had upon application.

Dr. F. H. Torrington announces that the Toronto Festival Chorus will begin its season's work on Tuesday evening, September 9th. Rehearsals of the separate voice parts will be held at the Toronto College of Music, 12-14 Pembroke street, sopranos and altos on Tuesday evening, September 9th, and tenors and basses on Thursday, September 11th. Members are asked to bring their copies of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" and "Messiah."

The musical service in Central Presbyterian Church has been in the hands of Miss Forsgion of the office of the Conservatory of Music while Mr. McNally has been out of the city.

The St. Anne's Choral Society are now about to get their affairs into shape for the coming season. A chorus of seventy-five voices will be formed, and it is hoped, will have the same success that characterized the initial concert last year. It is proposed to give two or more performances with an orchestra of twenty-five members. Persons who sing and have had experience are invited to send in their names to the conductor. The society will probably be reorganized and re-baptized with a different name, so as to make it a purely West End society. The chorus and orchestra will be again conducted by Mr. H. F. Strickland.

Miss Lillian Milne of Brantford has been appointed soloist in Park Baptist Church, Brantford. This young lady graduated under Mrs. Bradley in 1901 at Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and at the Conservatory of Music, taking honors. She also studied with Mrs. Bradley all last year.

London "Truth" says: The fact that "Strads" and other old Italian violins are guaranteed on paper to be reliable, and often with an authentic history attached to them, are to be picked up at auctions at a great deal lower figure than the fancy prices supposed to be asked by the dealers, was again exemplified at the final auction of the season held by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The Stradivarius violin at one time owned by the late Mlle. Gabrielle Vaillant, and dated 1714, that is to say, at the master's best period, was knocked down to M. Chanot, the well-known fancier, for £365. M. Chanot would certainly not have given anything like this price if the violin had not been an authentic Stradivarius, and that is what was, I understand, no question whatever about the fact that the violin is a real Stradivarius. It was played upon very frequently by Mlle. Vaillant in her lifetime, and is mentioned in the books of reference. I have several times alluded to the fact that no violin has ever at public auction fetched £1,000, and accordingly it seems pretty evident that the value of £2,000 or £3,000 placed upon certain special instruments by dealers is fanciful, if not entirely

apocryphal. If the Vaillant "Strad" had been worth much more than £365, it is quite certain that some of M. Chanot's trade competitors would have bid a higher price against him. Messrs. Hill, the well-known and respected dealers of New Bond street, in their recently published and very beautiful volume on Stradivarius, put the matter fairly enough. They say: "An average specimen of a Stradivarius violin cannot be purchased for less than £600 to £1,000, while a fine specimen is worth from £1,000 to £1,200. . . . Nevertheless, the Stradivarius for which sums greater than £1,000 have been justifiably paid are fewer by far than is popularly believed." In short, a "Strad," like a prima donna salary, has two values.

other for credulous readers of the halfpenny and other newspapers. Messrs. Hill, whose trade it is, of course, is not at all likely to depreciate values; and their figures may be accepted as, at any rate, by no means under the mark. The talk, therefore, of a £3,000 violin is an arrant nonsense. A cynic long ago pointed out that one of the most inveterate "fanciers" of old fiddles was the late Charles Reade, a writer of fiction.

CHERUBINO.

## Two Dinners.

LAST September, twelve months ago, says Max O'Rell in his new book, "Twixt You and Me," I was returning to England from Brittany via St. Malo and Southampton. When we got to St. Malo, we found a delightful beach, and as the weather was beautiful, we decided to stop a few days before crossing the Channel—the English Channel, as the English call it. (Why "English," I don't know.) I went to the proprietor of the hotel and asked him where I could get a straw hat. He reflected some time over the serious business, and said: "At M. Anfray's, in the High Street; it's an old established firm." "Well," I said, "I only want a straw hat, it does not much matter how long the firm has been established. At twenty minutes to one o'clock I went up the hill and made for the High Street and M. Anfray's hat shop. When I got there I tried the door, but found it locked. I shook it and the noise attracted a young, pretty, neatly dressed, most lady-like little woman, who seemed perfectly astounded to see me and at a loss to understand what it was I wanted at that hour. I felt I was intruding, and in apologetic tones I said: 'Excuse me, I wanted a straw hat.' 'That's very awkward,' she said, 'but we are at dinner.' 'Please excuse me,' I repeated, 'I am awfully sorry to disturb you.' 'Would you mind coming back at two o'clock?' said the little woman with the sweetest of smiles. 'Not at all,' I said. 'I shall be delighted.' I had then practically just returned from America. I liked the scene; it was a change after Chicago. At five minutes past two I went back. The door was open, and the same pretty, lady-like little woman was there alone. She rose and came toward me. 'That's very awkward,' she said; 'you promised to come back at two, and my husband waited for you, but you did not come. Now he's gone across the road to the cafe with a friend.' 'That's very awkward,' I said, 'isn't it?' 'Would you mind going to the cafe?' she kindly suggested as a solution of the difficulty. 'Not at all,' I said, 'I shall be delighted.' I was beginning to enter into the humor of the whole thing. I went to the cafe and asked the waiter: 'Do you know M. Anfray?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where is he?' 'It's that gentleman over there playing dominoes.' 'Thanks,' I said. This I pointed out to me, and taking my hat off, I said: 'Excuse me, sir, have I the pleasure of speaking to M. Anfray?' 'Oui, monsieur.' 'Well,' I should very much like to have a straw hat.' 'Do you mind my finishing this game?' he suggested. 'Not at all,' I said, 'I shall be delighted.' I made enquiries at the hotel, and learned that M. Anfray was about forty years old, and enjoyed a little fortune of about 5,000 francs a year. Besides, he had a fairly large custom, and he was not going to change his ways for a new and casual customer. Well, this man may seem a very small man to an American, but I say that this man, who looks the door of his shop from half-past twelve till two o'clock, so as not to be disturbed by customers while he is having his dinner with his wife, and a good time with the children, I say, this man has solved the great problem, the only problem of life, happiness, far better than the American of the London city man who, at one o'clock, will stick at his door: 'Gone to dinner; will stick at his door.' Five minutes to dinner, just think of it! The greatest event of the day. And what is the result of that five minutes to dinner in America? The result is that the whole continent, from New York to San Francisco, from British Columbia to Louisiana, cities, forests, prairies, the whole landscape is spoiled, made an eyesore of, by the advertisements of liver pills.

I remember one evening, at a dinner in America, I was sitting at a table by the side of a minister of the gospel. The menu was in length what an American menu is on such occasions. The swallowing and digesting of it explains the miracle of the loaves and fishes, according to a well-known negro who had been told that fifteen thousand loaves and fishes had been eaten by five people; but I don't say this to suggest that the Americans are wrong. Not at all; stupid French notions and prejudices, however, I could not help remarking to my neighbor: 'How strange! an alcoholic water-ice between meat dishes! What is the object?' 'Well,' replied the minister of the gospel, 'it cools you and it enables you to go on.' I sat agast and said to him: 'I see, it enables you to go on, and,' I added, 'perhaps in the street next to this there is some poor, desolate mother, with only milkless breasts to offer to a starving babe!' 'Ah,' he quickly retorted, 'if we knew where she was, we should go to her and help her.' 'But,' I said, 'if careful enquiries were made, we should know where she is, for she is close by and, alas! everywhere!' There is enough good food wasted at the public dinners and hotel tables of the very large American city to feed all the hungry. Well, all I say is this: When, in thirty or forty years, we tell our grand or great-grandchildren that, at the end of the nineteenth century, we took a sherry 'in order to cool ourselves so as to be able to go on,' when,

a few yards off, the most abject poverty was rampant, they will not believe us; at any rate, they will not believe that we were Christians. But, by that time, maybe, they will have started a new religion: the religion of Christ.

INCORPORATED TORONTO SINCE J. A. BOYD, 1886. PRESIDENT.

**CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**  
COLLEGE STREET.  
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.  
THE HIGHEST EDUCATIONAL STANDARD  
AND STRONGEST FACULTY IN CANADA.  
16th SEASON OPENS SEPTEMBER 2, 1902  
SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION  
Mrs. Jane Nicholson-Cutter, Principal.  
CALENDARS AND SYLLABUS FREE

**MR. RECHAB TANDY**  
TENOR  
For CONCERTS, ORATORIOS and RECITALS  
Teaching Resumed September 1st, 1902  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**W. Y. ARCHIBALD**  
SINGING  
During Exhibition Mr. Archibald will be in his studio from 10.30 until 12.30 to arrange classes and test voices.

**METROPOLITAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
1494-96 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.  
W. O. FORSYTH, Director of Music.  
NINTH SEASON OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.  
Instrumental, Vocal and Theoretical Music;  
Fletcher Music Method; Elocution, Physical Culture, etc.; Drawing, Sketching; Free Lectures and Concerts; Certificates, Diplomas, Scholarships, Medals.  
Call, phone or write to the Secretary for calendar, giving list of teachers, fees, etc. 72

**Toronto Junction College of Music**  
MISS VIA MACMILLAN, Directress.  
Fall term opens September 1st. New calendar sent free. A special class will be conducted by the directress September 1st to 15th for out-of-town teachers, so that they may take advantage of the cheap railway fares. This method offers superior advantages, as each teacher, in addition to a full set of kindergarten material for beginners, receives a list of carefully graded pieces, fingered, pedaled, etc., covering a two or three years' course of study for a child.

**Hilda Richardson**  
(Mrs. Franklin Dawson) London, Eng.  
SOLO 'CELLIST AND TEACHER  
Toronto College of Music, Pembroke Street,  
394 Spadina Avenue.

**69th REGIMENTAL BAND OF NEW YORK**  
38 Instrumentalists and Four Soloists.  
In Canada November, 1902.  
Under sole direction of W. SPENCER JONES, Brockville. Committees desiring to secure this superb Band are asked to make immediate application.

**MISS MAY BUTCHART**  
Fletcher Music Method  
Studio—Room No. 14, Bank of Commerce Building, cor. College Street and Spadina Avenue. Classes resume 22nd September. Prospectus on application.

**MISS JANES**  
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause and of Mr. Harold Bauer will resume her piano lessons in September at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and at the Westbourne School for Girls.

**CHRYSTAL BROWN**  
CONCERT TENOR  
"It is a musical treat to hear Crystal Brown sing."—Woodsstock Sentinel-Review.  
Address—35 Bellevue, Toronto.

**MR. H. M. FIELD**  
PIANIST  
Musical Studio—  
26 Grand Terrace,  
11 Elgin, Leipsig.

**MABEL S. HICKS**  
(Just returned from England)  
OFFERS  
PIANO SCHOLARSHIP  
TO ADVANCED PUPILS  
Applications must be in on or before September 16th, 1902. Studio—57 WILSON AVE., PARKDALE.

**H. KLINGENFELD**  
VIOLINIST  
Residence . . . . . 310 Jarvis Street.  
Studio . . . . . At Nordheimer's.  
Violin examiner for Toronto University.

**W. J. McNALLY**  
TEACHER OF PIANO-PLAYING  
At Toronto Conservatory of Music.  
Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church.  
—250 Major Street.

**MRS. RYAN-BURKE**  
VOICE CULTURE  
Vocal Directress at Loretto Abbey.  
—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

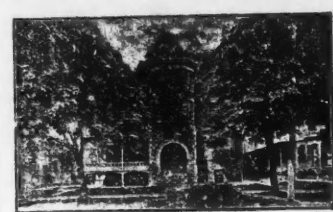
**MISS ADELE FLEURY**  
VIOLINIST  
(Pupil of Sitt, Wirth, Witak and Remy)  
Pupils received either at Toronto College of Music or at 399 Huron Street.  
Engagements accepted for concerts.

**WM. G. ARMSTRONG**  
Baritone Soloist and Vocal Teacher  
Concert, Oratorio and Recital. Baritone soloist  
Carlton Street Methodist Church, and of the famous Sherlock Male Quartette. Pupil of Wm. Shakespeare and Alberto Handegger, London, Eng., and of Van Reinhold, Paris.  
Studio—Room 8, Nordheimer's, Toronto.

**F. ARTHUR OLIVER**  
Organist and Choirmaster of Westminster Presbyterian Church  
TEACHER OF PIANO AND ORGAN  
Address—10 Matland Street or  
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

**MR. GEO. D. ATKINSON**  
has returned to the city from his home in Western Ontario and is resuming his classes at the Toronto College of Music and St. Andrew's College.

**MISS CARTER**  
TEACHER OF THE PIANO  
380 Brunswick Ave.



**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC**  
12-14 PEMBROKE STREET.  
In affiliation with the University of Toronto.  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.  
NE-OPENS TUESDAY, SEPT. 2nd, 1902.  
Piano, Organ, Vocal, Violin, Violoncello, Theory, School of Expression and Dramatic Art.  
H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal.  
Calendar sent free on application.

**MISS MARY HEWITT SMART**  
SOPIANO  
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.  
Tel., north, 2036. Yonge Street Arcade.

**EDWARD BARTON**  
Canada's Greatest Baritone  
Vocalist and Teacher  
NINE YEARS SOLOIST IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE  
OLD ITALIAN  
METHOD OF VOICE TRAINING  
Studio—681 SPADINA AVENUE.

**W. F. HARRISON**  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School, 15 Dunbar Road. Residence—Kensington.

**W. O. FORSYTH**  
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)  
Receives pupils at any time—professional, advanced and amateur—in piano technique, piano-playing and musical interpretation. Harmony, etc.  
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's 15 King Street East, Toronto.

**"The Sherlock Entertainment Bureau"**  
Exclusive Agency for the Leading Professional Talent of Canada. None but Professional people of established reputation are in this Bureau. For particulars address—Sherlock Entertainment Bureau, Toronto, Canada.

**R. THOS. STEELE**  
Accredited pupil of the late Madame Seller of Philadelphia, and E. W. Hays of New York and Paris. Voices tested and analyzed free. Studio—Room V, Yonge Street Arcade.

**ADAM DOCKRAY**  
TENOR  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade, Residence—79 Charles Street.

**MRS. J. W. BRADLEY**  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.  
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 120 Beaton Street, Toronto.

**P. J. McAVAY**  
Teacher of Singing  
Studio—146 Ossington Avenue

**DAVID ROSS**  
BARITONE  
Teacher of Advanced Singing  
Studio—Mason & Risch, 32 King West.

**FRANK S. WELSMAN**  
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER  
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and Richard Hofmann.  
35 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of Music, 120 Beaton Street, Toronto. Tel. 3581.  
Margaret's College and Haverhill College, Tel. 3581.

**MR. A. S. VOGT**  
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing  
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music, 381 Bloor Street West.

**FRANK E. BLACHFORD**  
SOLO VIOLINIST  
Concerts . . . . . Recitals . . . . . Ensemble  
Address—168 Carlton Street or Conservatory of Music.

**MRS. H. W. PARKER**  
A.T.C.M.  
SOPRANO  
Opera, Oratorio, Concerts and Recitals. Instructress of Vocal Art. Address—Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

**MISS E. H. MOCKRIDGE**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
At Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School and St. Monica's School.  
Private pupils at Studio,  
No. 10 St. Joseph Street.

**ARTHUR BLIGHT**  
CONCERT BARITONE  
Principal Vocal Department Toronto Junction College of Music.  
Tone production and artistic singing.  
Studio—Nordheimer's.

**J. D. A. TRIPP**  
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher  
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leoshitzky.  
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music  
For terms and dates for concerts and recitals apply to—  
W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

**GEORGE F. SMEDLEY**  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

**DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.**  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Westbourne School and Upper Canada College.  
Address—29 Ross Street.

**LOYD N. WATKINS**  
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Hither Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.  
30 Church Street.

**MR. and Mrs. ALFRED JURY**  
TEACHERS OF SINGING  
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles—a specialty.  
Studio—58 Alexander Street.

**THE MUSIC OF**  
**HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST**  
By S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR  
To be included in next season's repertoire of THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.  
Mr. A. S. Vogt, Conductor, and THE FESTIVAL CHORUS,  
Mr. F. H. Torrington, Conductor,  
Is on sale at  
**Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited**  
158 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

**MISS LOIS WINLOW**  
Pupil of Anton Bekking, Berlin, Germany.  
SOLO 'CELLIST  
Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils accepted. Studio—364 Beaton St. For terms and dates apply to W. F. Tasker, Toronto.

**MISS EDITH SPRING**  
SOLO VIOLINIST  
For terms, etc., address—J. W. Baumann, Studio 3, Nordheimer's.

**Toronto School of Physical Culture and Expression**  
SIMPSON HALL, 736 Yonge (Just south of Bloor)  
Fencing  
Classes now forming and  
Gymnasium open for Visitors  
between hours 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.  
Saturday morning class for students engaged on other days.  
Calendar mailed on application.

**SCHOOL OF DANCING** (in all its branches) AND PHYSICAL CULTURE (Under approval of physicians)  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Elm Street  
**MISS STERNBERG**  
PRINCIPAL  
Reopens for reception of pupils September 15th at St. George's Hall. Classes begin October 1st, 1902. Write for prospectus. Address—18 Tyndall Avenue, Parkdale.

**F. McGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.**  
has resumed his classes in out-door and studio work. For terms apply—  
Room V, Confederation Life Building.

**J. W. L. FORSTER**  
... PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio: 34 King Street West

**MRS. DIGNAM**  
PRIVATE STUDIO also  
Class Studies for Drawing and Painting  
42, 43, 44, 45, 46 Union Loan Building,  
28 Toronto Street.

**MISS L. O. ADAMS**  
KERAMICS and WATER-COLORS  
Studio—  
325 College Street. Phone—Main 2978

**SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND**  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
McKinnon Building, Toronto  
Room 210. Phone—Main 1301.

**The Bishop Strachan School,** WYKEHAM HALL, TORONTO.  
Organ department under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.  
Tuition and practice on fine two-manual pipe organ blown by water Motor.  
For terms apply—  
MISS AGNES, Lady Principal.

**WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS** 340 BLOORST. W., TORONTO.  
A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Full courses in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principals,  
MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.,  
MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

**St. Margaret's College**  
—TORONTO  
A Boarding and Day School for Girls.  
Full Academic Department  
"Art"  
"Music"  
"Physical Culture"  
Only teachers of the highest academic and professional standing employed.  
MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,  
Lady Principal.  
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director.

**The Metropolitan School of Dancing**  
LIMITED  
349 COLLEGE ST.  
Between Spadina & Huron  
All Classes and Lessons under the personal direction of MR. M. J. SAGE.  
Phone Main 3745

**MISS EVANS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG BOYS**  
Reopens on September 3rd.

**PIANO**  
—T  
—RE

If you  
excell  
for us  
summer  
either in  
or at your  
cottage w  
terest you  
We have  
assortme  
lect from  
able rate

**The Mas**  
Piano  
32 King St.

**MAKING A WILL**  
The greater the individual to acc the benefits of his more import ve making a will. We will give y the various form make you to dr out any further

**The Trusts**  
Compan  
Capital Subscr  
Office Paid U  
Office and Safe  
Street West, To  
Hon. J. R.  
T. P. Cor

**INEXPENSIVE**  
GLAS  
The most ele covering for  
Kitchens  
known to th

**TORONTO PLATE**  
HILL &  
Show-rooms—135 to

**Psycho**  
Culture  
Education  
class, Clavie  
Remedial  
Training  
and Grace

**Fau**  
F  
F

**Write fo**  
J. W. T. F.  
54-56 YU







## A DRESS TRUNK

Helps to make your trip from beginning to end a pleasure



The Dress Trunk illustrated is our No. 861. It is 42 inches long and contains three trays. Linen lined, good lock and rubber cushion corners.

PRICE, \$18.00

Delivered Free to any part of Ontario

The **JULIAN SALE**

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST

Our Catalogue of Traveling and Leather Goods is Mailed FREE

## Rogers' Furniture Exhibit Is at 97 Yonge Street

Owing to pressure of business we have no display at the Exhibition this year, but visitors will find our



warerooms easy of access, and they are cordially invited to call as often as convenient and make themselves acquainted with our stocks of fine furniture.

In addition to full lines from the best outside makers, we show a range of choice designs produced at our own factory and sold exclusively at this store. Included are: Sideboards, Dining-Tables, Dining-Chairs, Buffets, China Closets, etc., in fine oak and select mahogany. Bedroom Suites and Individual Dressers, Dressing-Tables and Cheffoniers, in the latest modes. Fine Bric-a-Brac Cabinets, Drawing-Room Suites, Fancy Chairs, Arm-Chairs, Music-Cabinets, Book-Cases, etc.

Furniture equal in make and finish to these goods can only be obtained by importing. You save duty and freight by purchasing Rogers' make. It is **Canada's Best in Furniture.**

**The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co.**

LIMITED

97 YONGE STREET



GRAND'S, Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Streets.

Auction sales of Horses, Carriages, Harness, etc., every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day. Immense stock of new Carriages, Buggies, Road Wagons, Victoria, Broughams, Vis-a-Vis, Surreys, Four-wheeled Dog-Carts, reversible seats, extension tops, Cabriolets, Pony Carts, Pony Sulkies, Pony Dog Carts, four passenger Pony Buckboards, Governors' Carts, Pony Road Wagons, Top Phaetons, Stanhopes, Road Carts, Family Carriages, by all the best Canadian and American builders. Also imported English, American and Canadian Coach Harness, Carriage Harness, Road Harness, Pony Harness, Work Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Rugs, Robes, Blankets, etc., etc. All for private sale.

The immense new Sale Ring, Stables, Warehouse and Office will be illuminated every evening during Exhibition and visitors are invited.

Special Auction Sales as follows: Tuesday Next, Sept. 9th—40 HORSES, including Drivers, Workers and General Purpose Horses; also Carriages, Buggies, Harness, etc.

Wednesday Next, Sept. 10th—Great Special Sale—48 BRITISH COLUMBIA DRAUGHT HORSES, consigned by Mr. G. H. Hadwen, Kamloops, B.C. All specially selected for this market. Age from two to six years; including 14 splendid mares in foal. All horses weighing 1,200 to 1,400 lbs. at maturity.

Friday Evening, Sept. 12th, at 7:30—50 HIGH-CLASS HORSES, including matched pairs, single high-steppers, saddle horses, fast roadsters, ponies, etc.

Entries will be received for this great Special Sale up to the 10th inst.

Exhibitors having high class saddle or carriage horses will find this the best means of obtaining a quick, sure sale at the highest possible price obtainable.

Terms—1 per cent. if sold; \$2.00 if not sold.

WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Auctioneer and Proprietor.

### "Follow the Leader."

The following letter has been received: Editor "Saturday Night": A very pretty game of follow-the-leader was played in Toronto last Tuesday. I have not played the game myself since I was a lad, but, as an old boy, I took much enjoyment from looking at last Tuesday's sport. The game was played by the musical critics—cheu!—of a number of the local newspapers. The "leader" was the musical critic on the staff of a highly respectable morning newspaper. The quarry was Edith Helena, sweet singer, whose altitudinous notes, purity of voice and marvelous vocal range have won tumultuous applause all through the week at Shea's Theater. The critical gentleman heard her Monday afternoon or evening, and wrote for Tuesday's paper:

"The singer proved to be a light soprano, who betrayed a tendency to the tremolo, but who reached some extremely high notes of an attenuated tone. Her first number was the 'Cora (sic) Nome,' from Rigoletto, and her second, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' in which she introduced some novel variants. Miss Helena was very cordially received, and may be credited with a success."

The "novel variants," by the way, consisted of a cadenza, in which Miss Helena sustained an F above the high C. I have introduced the leader, who performed his part well, according to his judgment—now for the others in the game. They, may it please you, were the musical censors who so kindly mould public opinion through the medium of the Toronto evening newspapers.

Perhaps they, too, heard Edith Helena, but if so, they modestly refrained from giving their own valuable opinions, and were content to write their criticisms with the aid of a handy pair of shears and a friendly paste-pot. One of them boldly clipped and reprinted the entire notice as above given—absent-mindedly neglecting to give credit. He "followed the leader" of the morning sheet faithfully, even to the typographical error of "Cora Nome," which properly should be "Cora Nome," of course—masculine gender—and he is deserving of the prize.

Another of these evening newspaper musical frontiers swerved off the track a bit and introduced some refreshingly "novel variants" of his own. He wrote of Edith Helena:

"She is a soprano singer with an Emma Yaw voice, though her extremely high notes were somewhat attenuated (mark the word that proves the cryptogram) in tone. She sang some pleasing selections, with novel runs and thrills."

Was the "Emma Yaw" a mere lausus plumae, or did he actually get Ellen Beach Yaw and Emma Nevada twisted? And with what a superior, off-hand air he dubs as "some pleasing selections" Verdi's grand aria from "Rigoletto," Moore's exquisitely tender "The Last Rose of Summer," and Mascagni's masterpiece, the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"Some pleasing selections!" O shade of Verdi! And Mascagni is coming here, too!

But he gives Miss Helena full credit for introducing some "thrills." That was indeed a rare triumph, and, as the critic noted, possessed the added charm of novelty. Not satisfied with runs and shakes and quavers and thrills, Helena generously threw in some "thrills" for good measure. No wonder she could be "credited with a success."

But, speaking seriously, what a wonderful exhibition of crass ignorance and utter imbecility those evening newspaper soi-disant critics gave as publicly as the circulation of their newspapers permitted! I heard Edith Helena. She sang artistically and with sympathy; her voice was rich, full, round, and of a peculiar velvety quality; the high notes were not thin or scratchy; her voice was not in the least like Yaw's—Emma or Ellen Beach—and the only really "novel" part of her remarkable performance was her exquisite vocal imitation of a fine violin. That was not only novel, but unique.

Had she sung at Massey Hall, instead of in a vaudeville house, Edith Helena would have had those same evening newspaper lights rendering her the most obsequious verbal homage. In such a case, perhaps, they would have been more careful to conceal an ignorance so pitiable to one who knows and loves music and its highest expression—by the cultivated human voice.

And what a pity that in music-loving Toronto the newspapers should be the first to "damn with faint praise" a singer who at the outset of her career has won the unstinted commendation of the press and public everywhere she has appeared!

The game of follow-the-leader had its ludicrous features, but was it played fair? I think not.

UMPIRE.

P. J. McAvay, vocal teacher, lately returned from Detroit, will open the fall term on Monday, September 8. Mr. McAvay will give different operas, and those who wish to join such will apply by mail to the secretary, J. F. Edmondson, 116 Sheridan avenue, or to Mr. McAvay's studio, 146 Ossington avenue, on Tuesdays and Thursdays between 3 and 10 p.m.

### ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS ON EARTH



"The Marshall Sanitary Mattress." Absolutely sanitary. Never sags or gets hard. Always comfortable.

See Our Exhibit at the Toronto Industrial

Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

259 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Phone—4533. Ask your dealer for it. Write us for circular.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Evans—Aug. 23, Winnipeg, Mrs. W. Sanford Evans, a daughter.

Ormsby—Aug. 28, Toronto, Mrs. R. P. Ormsby, a daughter.

Wemp—Aug. 3, Toronto, Mrs. H. R. Wemp, a daughter.



Jim Dumps had always felt quite blue When rent and other bills fell due. Collectors seemed to fill the air, And landlords sprang from ev'rywhere. 'Tis different now; no blues for him, Since "Force" has made him "Sunny Jim!"

# "Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

adds daily deposits to health's bank account.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

Must Have It.

"I am arranging to spend a few weeks at Cape Cod, and want to know if I can buy 'Force' there. I must have it, as it has been of great benefit not only to myself, but also to my daughter-in-law and her little ones." (Name furnished on application.)

## NORDHEIMER



## PIANO

The Representative Piano of Canada.

A superb assortment of these celebrated Pianos on view at THE MUSIC TEMPLE, on the Exposition Grounds, and at the warerooms, 15 KING ST. EAST. Inspection solicited.

**The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited Toronto.**

Strathy—Aug. 31, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) P. J. Strathy, a son.  
Devins—Aug. 30, Toronto, Mrs. I. N. Devins, a daughter.  
Houston—Toronto, Mrs. R. C. Houston, a daughter.  
Sinden—Sept. 2, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Sinden, a son.  
Corson—Sept. 2, Toronto, Mrs. P. R. Corson, a son.

### Marriages.

Kitchen—La Venture—On Thursday, Aug. 14, at St. John's Church, Toronto Junction, by Rev. F. H. Du Vernet, George I. Kitchen to Amy C. La Venture.  
Bryce—Coxwell—Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, at Old St. Andrew's Church, by Rev. R. P. McKay, Miss Vera Katheline Coxwell to Mr. Arthur Bryce, both of Toronto.  
Hall—Wright—Aug. 28, Toronto Junction, Charles Hall to Lizette Wright.  
Young—Kinney—Aug. 28, Toronto, Thomas Alfred Young to Ethel May Kinney.  
Sutherland—Dean—Aug. 30, Toronto, John Joseph Sutherland to Amy Dean.  
McIntosh—Burns—Sept. 2, Toronto, John W. McIntosh to Helena Keith Burns.  
Strachan—Graham—Aug. 30, Toronto, J. C. Strachan to Marguerite M. Graham.  
Gordon—Hodgins—Sept. 3, Toronto, Kenneth Gordon to Irene Hodgins.  
Sherrie—Denroche—Sept. 3, Toronto, R. Percival Sherrie to May Denroche.  
Havill—Pettigrew—Sept. 3, Toronto, Jas. Lavrock Havill to Margaret Isabel

Pettigrew.  
Sonley—McMillan—Sept. 3, Toronto, W. Luther Sonley to Lizette McMillan.

### Deaths.

Cameron—Aug. 28, Toronto, Mrs. Irving Howard Cameron.  
Le Francois—Aug. 29, Toronto, Katie Le Francois.  
Farley—Aug. 29, Sunnyside, W. W. Farley.  
Liddle—Aug. 29, Toronto, Mrs. Almira E. Liddle, aged 77.  
Morgan—Aug. 29, Toronto, Charles E. Morgan, aged 42.  
Nesbitt—Aug. 24, Toronto, Mary Emma Nesbitt, aged 18.  
Russell—Aug. 28, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Pearson Russell, aged 83.  
Lynch—Aug. 31, Toronto, James Lynch, aged 88.  
Saunders—Aug. 31, Toronto, Mrs. George J. Saunders, aged 67.  
Landell—Aug. 31, Toronto, Dalhousie Landell, aged 77.  
Macpherson—Aug. 31, Toronto, Mrs. Lil. Chance—Aug. 30, Toronto, Mrs. William Chance, aged 60.  
Wilkinson—Aug. 30, Toronto, Thomas Wilkinson, aged 68.  
Charlton—Sept. 1, Toronto, George Charlton, aged 82.  
Kennedy—Sept. 1, Hamilton, Reginald A. E. Kennedy, aged 55.  
Curry—Sept. 2, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Curry, aged 69.  
Bengough—Sept. 2, Toronto, Mrs. J. W.

Bengough.  
Mooney—Sept. 3, Toronto, Agnes May Mooney.  
Bates—Sept. 2, Toronto, John Bates, aged 67.  
Mackenzie—Sept. 2, Toronto, Angus Allan Mackenzie.

**Electrolysis, Massage and Manicuring.**  
Superfluous Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and contour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. Sole Canadian agent for preparations of Isabel Cassidy, New York. Mrs. Gibson, room 29, Odd Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 2029 N.

**J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)**  
The Leading Undertaker  
Phone 678. 250 YONGE STREET

**W. H. STONE**  
UNDERTAKER  
YONGE 343 STREET  
Phone—Main 932